

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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EXTREMES IN PHILOSOPHY.

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PHILOSOPHY, in its widest acceptance, denotes the sum total of systematic knowledge, but in its ordinary use is limited to the study of natural objects. The methods adopted in its pursuit vary according to the degree of mental cultivation, the extent of knowledge, and the genius of the people. These methods are greatly diversified among our heterogeneous population. Let us notice the extremes; namely, that of exclusive observation, and that of exclusive speculation: the former is often denominated the practical philosophy, the latter the speculative. To the first we are prone in the morning of life. Youth is the period to see, and feel, and leap; to interest ourselves with particulars rather than generals—with matter rather than spirit—with things rather than signs—with diagrams rather than symbols. This, too, is the philosophy of rude ages. A nation's primitive songs are addressed not to the reason, but to the imagination and the heart; and a people's primitive religion seems to be reached by the scaffolding of external objects. The savage contemplates leading truths through visible signs, as God through the sun, Providence through the sacred hawk, or the resurrection through the memory of Osiris leaping as a new-born Orus into the arms of his mother Isis. Hence God taught man at first through the senses, walking visibly and talking audibly in the green walks of Eden; conversing with patriarchs beneath the shade of elms, and accepting praise in the incense of smoking altars: he instructed in righteousness by a devouring deluge, and in the doctrine of immortality by an ascending prophet in a chariot of fire. Even when he gave law it was on tangible tables and amidst thunder and lightning. The same thing is seen in this history of education. A nation takes her early lessons in singing, numbering and observing the skies; she learns not to analyze, classify, reason, and smooth her speech till she has made considerable advances to maturity. This is the philosophy of uncultivated minds whose education and worship must, as a

general thing, be chiefly by forms, and colors, and sounds.

It is not my intention to discuss this subject at length, but merely to point out some of the errors of these extremes.

And, first, that of the practical philosopher.

He is in danger of many errors, among which are the following:

1. He makes observations with too much credulity. "I saw, I heard, I felt," he cries; "can my senses deceive me?" It is possible they may. "I saw the juggler," says the child, "fire a gold watch from a pistol, and, after shattering it to fragments, instantaneously restore it to all its beauty and perfection;" but you know the child did not see this. *Passion* has its influence upon perception.

"O what a world of vile, ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!"

So, too, imagination. You saw a ghost as you came through the graveyard; you could not be deceived: the countenance, the white robe, the uplifted hand, were all so plain. Did you, however, expect to see one? If so, your fancy may have dressed a stump in the habiliments of the phantom. So, too, with the prevailing tone of mind. For illustration take the following story from Addison: "'I see,' says the susceptible young lady, as she looks at the moon through the telescope, 'two lovers conversing sweetly.' 'No,' says the parson, as he puts his eye to the instrument, 'they are two church steeples inclining to each other.'" Our conceptions, as well as sensations, may mislead. Sometimes they are so vivid as to pass for perceptions; as is often the case with the artist who draws an absent object with a temporary belief of its presence.

2. He does not sufficiently accumulate facts before he draws his conclusion; he is prone to think that an antecedent and a consequent stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. In ancient times diseases were accounted for by the aspects of the stars. So in our own times, when a comet is succeeded by war, the *post hoc* is frequently taken for the *propter hoc*. Allied to this is another error, that of overlooking where there

are several antecedents, some of which may have had an influence in producing the result. In experiments where all the causes operating are cognizable by the senses, a single experiment is sufficient to authorize a general conclusion: as when in a glass retort we bring an oxyd and an acid in contact and produce a salt; but in the science of mind, of meteorology, of medicine, etc., where a thousand unobserved causes may exert an influence, we need a large accumulation of facts to draw a general principle. In cases where there are many causes operating to produce a result, we may assign to some one an undue share of influence. Even where there is but a single remedy we may err in considering it a cause. If one should apply a "poor man's plaster" to a gouty extremity, and find relief, ten to one he will say, "'Poor man's plaster' cured me of gout; therefore, it will cure every body else of gout." Suppose we admit the premises, we must not hastily accept the conclusion. Different human systems are not like different pieces of the same metal, nor the same system at different times. He who in health might bear a bowl of champagne, might when half starved be intoxicated by the same quantity of chicken broth. So with the human mind. Bishop Watson compares the geologist to a man seated on an elephant, and determining the whole organism of the animal, and all its various functions, from a critical examination of the skin. We have reason to believe that the Bishop was hardly just to the geologist; but what would he think of certain philosophers of our day, who determine all the inclinations, the tempers, the capacities—who even gauge the faith, eliminate the character, and predict the fortunes of an immortal man, by a slight inspection of only the top of his hide?

3. A third error of this philosopher is this—he does not sufficiently compare facts with similar facts. It may happen that a Gipsy correctly describes the past and predicts the future fortunes of a maid. Aided, as such a one often is, by previous information, answers to leading questions, and the human countenances around her, it were strange if she did not sometimes make shrewd guesses. But it frequently happens in attempting to do so she makes woeful blunders. How natural to seize and magnify the correct guesses, while we overlook the incorrect ones! Wonder excites and warms the mind, making it easily impressible; the truthful suggestions exciting wonder sink deep, while those which are not so, and, because according to our expectation, are received in a cool state of mind, make but little impression. Hence the celebrity of quacks and the success of nostrums, both physical and metaphysical, religious and political. If we compared failures with cures, alas for them!

Some are perverse enough to collect facts on one side of a question only. A frail old gentleman in Kentucky contracted a great prejudice against the Baptist Church, many of whose ministers he had

encountered in protracted, and not very kind controversy. Determined to prove that the Baptists were a bad people, he procured a large blank book, and had it labeled, "Scandalous Acts of the Baptists;" and whenever he heard of any thing mean connected with the people of that persuasion—and he was not slow of heart to believe—he put it down in his record. Of course, he soon filled it, and might just as soon have filled it with the scandalous acts of the Methodists by a similar process. Thus arises much of our sectarian prejudice.

Many of our popular superstitions are sustained in the same way. A man, learning that Friday is an unlucky day, marks every instance of ill luck which he observes on that day, and soon finds them legion; and he can not be persuaded to commence a house, an oration, or a poem on that day, and, perhaps, looks with suspicion upon every friend to whom he is introduced, and prosecutes with hesitancy and inefficiency every enterprise, however good, which Providence may thrust upon him, on a Friday. If he have been so imprudent as to have selected Friday for his birthday, his life is one constant distress. The proper cure for such a case is to assert stoutly that Friday is a lucky day, and set the mind on collecting the instances of good fortune—for example, the discovery of America—that have happened on that day. This is a counter fallacy. In each case there is a false premise assumed; namely, that the cases, whether of good or bad fortune, that have happened on such and such a Friday, are likely to happen on all Fridays.

Innumerable are the instances of hasty induction in this age, which moves with railroad speed. Truth is not to be obtained in a hurry. I grant that accident sometimes grasps it suddenly, as the reaper cuts the grain; but it is only in the field where philosophy has plowed, and planted, and waited for the precious fruit, and had long patience for it till it received the early and the latter rain. But most persons are impatient; they rush to conclusions, and often rest in such as are unsatisfactory rather than endure the pain of suspense. This is especially the case with such as have never been trained to patient, consecutive, fatiguing thought. It usually belongs to one who has habituated himself to "hasten slowly"—who has learned to labor and travail in spirit, to detect error under its Protean hues, thread argumentative labyrinths, resist moral hinderances, and lead captive the truth.

4. Another error consists in not comparing facts with principles which throw light upon them. For example: here is one put to sleep by a series of passes, and in her somnambulist state she experiences strange psychological phenomena, and accomplishes wonderful feats; at once the practical philosopher is a believer in "mesmerism, clairvoyance, spirit raps, table-turning, etc." He has seen with his eyes; he has heard with his ears; and having seen and heard so and so, he is prepared to believe what others have seen and heard in like

manner. But are there not certain *a priori* reasons why the alleged facts should be doubted? The love of the marvelous is strong, and under its influence the mind is predisposed to deception; it should, therefore, be on its guard against deception, falsehood, exaggeration, false perception, collusion, and legerdemain. Again: are there not certain well-settled principles concerning human responsibility which should be considered in examining such phenomena as those referred to?

There is scarcely any thing so absurd and unfounded as not to have been at some period believed. Anciently diseases were cured by music. Demeritus, for example, affirms that many diseases may be cured by the flute when properly played, though he does not tell us how to play it. Mari-anus Capellus assures us that fevers may be cured by songs, though he puts in a saving clause, that the songs must be *appropriate*. Asclepiades is more definite; he informs us that rheumatism is to be cured by the trumpet, and that we must continue blowing it till the fibers begin to palpitate. This doctrine, amusing as it is, prevails to a great extent to this day and in this country, though in a modified form—the form of *charms*—a word the etymology of which indicates the origin of the superstition it denotes. In Chili the physicians, according to Zimmerman, drive away diseases by blowing around the beds of their patients; and as they teach that physic consists wholly in this wind, any one may graduate in medicine who has learned how to blow. The same practice is almost universal in this country, although it is chiefly confined to moral and political maladies.

The golden pill wrought wonders all over England till it was found to consist of bread. Men once supposed that mere external contact with a medicine through which an electrical current had passed was all-sufficient to produce its specific effects. They put up their remedies in electrified vials, and put those vials in their pockets, and were ready to depose that castor oil thus applied through the vest was purgative, opium stupefying, etc.

Witchcraft was once as firmly believed in, and that, too, upon the allegation of facts, as that the sun shines. We have had witches even in our own state, though I suppose we have none now, for in my youth I sold asafetida enough for that purpose to drive them all out. It were easy to multiply cases of this kind, but enough has been said to put us, when we examine facts, on our guard against the infirmities of our nature.

There are certain well established laws, both in the physical and moral world, which should be kept in view in our examinations of natural and mental phenomena: the law of gravitation, for instance. We should receive facts which are inconsistent with it with very great hesitancy. The law of love is as well settled in the moral world as the law of gravitation in the natural. How striking the answer of a certain great reformer to

the inquiring messengers of another: "Go show John the things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." If God is love, and the great law of the universe is love, then labors of love are the appropriate works of a reformer, and create a presumption in his favor. Equally clear is the principle, that each man is a separate being, destined to see with his own eyes, and blaspheme and pray with his own tongue, and to stand up and answer for himself amid the fires of the final day. I am aware that we sometimes in this day meet with things that are said to come down from the other world; and in reference to these it may be supposed that we have no principles in the light of which to judge them. I am not sure of that; it is fair to presume that other worlds are subject to the same general laws as this. It is not probable if a man gets into paradise, that he will desire to run about the earth, upsetting tables; and if he should get into another place not quite so comfortable, it is not likely that he will be *permitted* to do so. Again: if there be any thing well settled in heaven or earth, it is the law of progress—a law not limited to democracy, but affecting all things, physical and metaphysical; despite all counter currents, the world moves onward. Sure as a great good man has a future, will that future be to him an advance. If, therefore, he send messages from the skies which prove him to be a greater fool than he was on earth, we may well question the accuracy of the telegraph which brings them down. I am aware that facts ought to be received in spite of any hypothesis to the contrary or of our inability to account for them; when well established, philosophy should bow before them. I know that facts may occur above and different from what we have ever before experienced; that apparent exceptions to laws may, when properly understood, be *examples* of them; that facts may occur which result from general laws not yet understood; that they may occur in violation of laws that are understood; but in the last case we may surely suppose that there will be sufficient notice given, a suitable preparation made, and an end accomplished sufficiently important to justify a departure from them. Let us, before we bow to a fact, be sure it is a fact. I would not discourage observation, experiment, and rational belief; but I would not have you discourage caution, reflection, and rational doubt. I would not becloud the field of physical truth; nor would I have you darken the region of intellectual and moral truth.

In regard to reported facts, our practical philosopher is prone to receive testimony without sufficient examination and scrutiny. He should ask, Is it a fact or a judgment to which the witness testifies? When a man testifies that he heard spirits, he is not a witness—he gives an inference. Is his statement full, or are important facts omitted?

Does he bear witness to a *connection* between facts when he should testify to an *arrangement* only? Does he extenuate, exaggerate, disguise, or modify facts or mingle opinions with them? There are certain principles, too, which are to be borne in mind in examining testimony. There is a particular state of mind necessary to enable a man to observe facts. Let us inquire who the witness is; what has been the training of his mind? Nor must his condition or character be overlooked. Where does he live? What has he been doing? Is he an inquirer or a convert? Is his testimony designed or incidental, separate or concurrent, inconsistent or harmonious? Is he an original or second-hand witness? Does he expect profit, or flattery, or renown from his testimony? for though "God made man upright, he has sought out many inventions." What is the influence of his facts upon himself? Do they tend to make his conscience easy, to break down moral restraint, to overthrow principles to which his heart entertains a ferocious hatred, and to facilitate his progress in a path to which his steps are already inclined? What wonder if such facts should have free course and be *glorified* in a world which is corrupt and full of violence! Nor should a man fail to examine his witness as well as himself. If the statements tend to promote his pleasures or his interests, to strengthen his appetites or habits, to foster his prejudices or passions, he is hardly competent to determine the value of the testimony which supports them. If he be not on his guard, his will may rush him forward to belief as with the power of the tempest. Nor should he fail to examine the character and condition of the community in which the statements are believed. The human mind is prone to extremes. Is it not true that sooner or later indifference succeeds to excitement, credulity to skepticism, empiricism to dogmatism, transcendentalism to sensualism, an era of reckless revolution to one of iron despotism, a fashion of allegorizing to a fashion of literalism? He who does not study the relation of his country and times to preceding ones knows not the prevailing fashions of mind, and is very liable to be misled. We are now, for example, suffering a reaction: in philosophy, from scholasticism; in medicine, from dogmatism; in religion, from enthusiasm within the Church and materialism without it. He only who bears this in mind is prepared to examine the vagaries of the country, and the statements which receive currency among its thoughtless masses. Nor should we forget to inquire whether there is any counter testimony. I do not mean *negative* testimony. I do not sympathize with the Irishman who complained that he was not acquitted, though only two witnesses testified that they saw him steal the ax, while twenty swore that they did *not* see him. But I would ask whether there is not testimony which disproves that which has been stated?

He does not classify or generalize; he cares but little about species or genera; his business is with

facts only, which he is content to preserve and recall by arbitrary associations. Is he an agriculturist? He is concerned only with his own soil and the modes by which it may be rendered more productive—what cares he to what class it belongs? Is he a physician? He seeks not to reduce diseases and remedies to their classes and orders, or bodily constitutions to temperaments; so he combat the symptoms of disease as they arise he is content. Is he a metaphysician? He studies *seriatim* the characters that come under his notice, without undertaking to analyze them or trace them to leading principles of action. Is he a student? He obtains his knowledge *ad rem*.

Thus far we have glanced at errors of investigation; the same philosopher may commit errors of reasoning also:

1. He does not syllogize. True, a philosopher of this kind is usually a great reasoner; but then he is not much of a logician. He thinks, with Locke, that God did not make him a mere two-legged animal, and leave it to Aristotle to make him rational; and, therefore, he gives himself no trouble about Aristotle, and contents himself with a logic which he got as Dogberry got his reading and writing—by nature. And if he can not bring his adversaries to terms in any other way, he knows he can resort to the *ad hominem*, and take the ayes and nose, as they do in Congress sometimes.

(COMPLETED IN OUR NEXT.)

ROSES.

BY ISAAC R. BRASSELL.

FRAGRANT ROSES
O'er the ground,
Send grateful odor
All around.
Blooming roses,
O how sweet!
Meek and lowly
At my feet!
O sweet roses!
Soon we'll see,
Faded roses
Ye will be.
One so lovely
Once I knew—
Faded roses,
How like you!
She is happy
Now above,
In her Savior's
Arms of love.
May I meet her
High up there,
Free from sorrow,
Grief, and care!

ONE-IDEAISM.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

As the novelty of my topic may attract a critic's eye, allow me to define it at once. Idea, mental image. One idea, a solitary mental image. One-ideaism, the belief of one-idea-people generally. For my authority I plead analogy. If lexicographers call the belief of Pagans Paganism, and of republicans republicanism, why may I not express the belief of one idea-folks by the apposite compound, one-ideaism? Many of the words in our dictionaries were not made by lexicographers; but having been formed for practical use by others, were finally adopted by these standard authors. And may it not come to pass, that in some improved edition of Noah Webster hereafter will be found the compound, one-ideaism? However that may be, I avail myself of it for present convenience. It is comprehensive, covers a broad surface, and supersedes repetition.

People of one idea are quite numerous; they are of various pursuits and conditions of life, and have not yet, so far as I know, separated from other associations, or concentrated into one distinct community, but remain in connection with different parties. This is perhaps fortunate; for if some master spirit should ever be able to resolve them into one united body, they would certainly present a very formidable front. Our safety, however, exists in the fact, that one-idea-folks are divided into many classes, and that each class holds on to his own error with such dogged tenacity, as to render united effort on any one common interest among them impracticable; so that when full reports shall have been obtained from all, instead of a harmonious whole, will be found a great clish-clash.

My attention was first directed to a class of one-idea-men in early life. My father was a farmer, and his rule was to plant Indian corn when the dogwood-trees were in full bloom, whether at an earlier or later date of spring, as indicating that the season was about far enough advanced for his purpose; and to sow flax-seed in the proper season on any day of the week, except Sunday, when the state of the ground and weather suited, and he was generally favored with a plentiful yield. But some of his neighbors appeared to be moon-struck, for they regulated all their business affairs by the moon's phases. By these alone they determined when to plant potatoes, when to slaughter pigs or bullocks for domestic use, and so of all the rest. As to flax-seed, there was but one day of each year, in their judgment, in which it could be sown with any hope of its producing lint, and that was Good-Friday. When that day came, whether clear or stormy, whether the ground was in good or bad condition, the seed had to be sown. Indeed, I often heard them say, that they would sow flax-seed on Good-Friday, if Good-Friday should come on Sunday, or they would not sow at all, as it would

be lost labor on any other day. In vain we pointed them to excellent crops of flax from seed sown on Monday or Wednesday; for people of one idea admit of no proof, however conclusive, which conflicts with their preconceived notion. This was the first specimen of one-ideaism I remember to have met with; and O that it had been the last! But it seems still, in some form or other, to hold the mastery over many minds, to the exclusion of all other ideas, and, of course, improvement with them is out of the question.

There are many now on the voyage of life, in whose minds that old truism, man was made to glorify God and to enjoy him forever, never yet found a lodgment; for they practically signify the belief, that the entire object of human life begins, continues, and ends in the one idea of getting money. By night and noon, whether asleep or awake, the rhino reflects its shining image on their avaricious hearts, to the exclusion of every noble principle of humanity. Some years since I heard of a company of travelers from various directions who incidentally met at a country tavern, when, by way of pastime, or it may be to make party interest, they inquired for each other's political creeds. When the landlord's time came, he said he was neither Free-Soil, Whig, nor Democrat, but frankly confessed he was a "moneycrat." And did he not pertain to a large party?

I do not charge the special advocates of the various benevolent enterprises of the age with one-ideaism, for they are generally men of clear heads and honest hearts; and yet practically there appears to be a slight squinting in that direction. While the advocate of the educational interest is urging his special pleadings, one might understand him to imply, that all the blessings of civil, social, and religious life depended on the success of his cause. Then comes the advocate of the Bible cause, to remind us, in substance, that the more learned the world becomes the worse, unless that learning be sanctified: of course his claim is the best, and must first be met. Next comes the tract man to inform us that his is the enterprise of this generation—the one indispensable mission of the Church, and must be gone into with spirit. Then the missionary advocate takes the rostrum, to suggest that schools, Bibles, and publishing houses are all ineffectual without the living teacher; that all is lost labor unless missions, both foreign and domestic, be sustained. But the Sunday school man does not fail to plead the cause of the rising generation as the hope of Church and state, and the enterprise he represents as the only effectual means of perpetuating the blessings of truth and grace. And each seems to make out his case, or comes so near it that every enlightened and liberal Christian admits these enterprises must all be sustained in connection; but no one of them to the exclusion of all the rest: that would be one-ideaism. Beside all these, to say nothing of local interests, of which we have many connected with Church extension,

etc., there are other collateral enterprises, represented as being of world-wide importance, such as plans for converting the Jews to make way for the fullness of the Gentiles; colonization on the coast of Africa, to found free republics and Christianize whole nations. These are urged as being of the first importance by their respective friends. Now, let it be distinctly understood, that I go sympathetically and practically, to the extent of my feeble ability, for education, general and liberal; for Bible societies; for tract publications; for missions, foreign and domestic; for Sunday schools; for Church extension; for colonization; for the conversion of Jews and Gentiles, and for all other good things; but for no monopoly or one-ideaism. Live and let live, should be the watchword among all the friends of benevolence.

If the reader be curious to glance at one-ideaism, as found among politicians, I will just refer him to an item or two. In most or all of the political parties there are found individuals, or classes of individuals, of one idea; and with perhaps the largest of these classes, the one idea is partyism. They believe that all pertaining to their party are pure patriots, and that all pertaining to other parties are traitors to their country, and ought to be hanged. Consequently, they believe that all voting, all legislating, and all executive business should be done in view of sustaining their party, cost what it may. In other words, they believe that their little self-constituted party is the country, the whole country, and that all the rest of us are intruders into their dominion, with no admitted right beyond that of paying tax to increase the Government patronage.

There is another set of would-be-thought political and moral reformers, distinct from all the leading political parties of the day. I know not what name they assume, but their one idea is mis-called liberty; not national liberty, not civil liberty, not religious liberty, not liberty of conscience to do right, but liberty for every man to do what he pleases with impunity. In establishing this mis-named liberty, they confessedly design to unsettle all the foundations of human society, to knock out the underpinning of all evangelical Churches, dissolve the union of states, abolish the federal Constitution, drive the Bible into a corner where it will not be seen, and defeat the world's conversion; all of which are regarded by them as mere circumstances, compared to their so-called liberty. And now, gentle reader, by what process do you imagine they expect to accomplish all this? The whole of their phrenetic munitions for this war of extermination consist of a few conventions, thinly attended, by fanatics and loafers, but stoutly harangued by orators and oratresses of every color. Such is one-ideaism.

There are among religionists, likewise, some rare specimens of one-ideaism. With a very large, perhaps the largest class of these, the one idea is infallibility. In what part of the body-ecclesiastic that chimera is located, is a question which, even among

themselves, they have never yet been able satisfactorily to settle. Yet these most fallible infallibles assume to be the true, and, indeed, the only Church, out of the pale of which there is no salvation. Still very many of us incorrigible "heretics" will probably risk it, as we have done, because we prefer the Bible and common sense, even to "infallible" superstition and mummery.

With another and smaller class of religionists, being only a fraction of one of the Protestant Churches, the one idea is what they call the apostolical succession, including, as they believe, the only authorized ministers of the Gospel, and all who reject that fable of succession are coolly delivered over to the uncovenanted mercies of God. Now, if at the middle of the nineteenth century there are no true ministers but these few successionists, and, consequently, no true Christians, but their few little flocks, when is the world to be converted at this speed of progress? I leave them to figure out the answer, as it is beyond my power of computation.

There is another set of religionists, of very recent date, whose founder yet survives, that seem to settle down with much confidence and unanimity in the one idea of immersion for the remission of sins. In the belief of these self authorized "Reformers" (?) there is but one place where the pardon of sin can be found, and that is under water. Of course the generally received opinion, that the penitent malefactor was saved, though he never prayed till on the cross, must be a mistake, as there was no possibility of his being immersed. These are a few examples of one-ideaism among religionists, and surely they are enough.

But a new swarm of one-idea-folks has recently appeared, as injurious to rational piety as the locusts of Egypt were to every green thing, whose one idea is Spiritualism; not, however, in the former sense of belief in the existence of separate spirits, but in the sense of a more direct mode of communication with the invisible world than the old one laid down in the Bible. These deluded fanatics profess to receive from invisible spirits direct communications, audible and written, imparting super-biblical intelligence, and causing them to become wise above what is contained in the prophetic and Christian revelations. The effect on themselves, as might be supposed, is loss of confidence in the path of life, as marked out in the Bible, and a rash conclusion to pursue a new and unexplored route. Most of those who have made the experiment, it is thought, have become bewildered, and have suffered loss as to their enjoyment and prospect of happiness in both worlds. Indeed, it is generally supposed that in their excitement and perplexity, connected with this new route, they have become crazy, so much so that multitudes of them have to be provided for in the asylums for the insane. But so far as their moral responsibility is concerned, there is one thing in their favor; if the result of traveling this new way is mental derangement,

they have not far to go in pursuit of it, seeing they are at least half demented before they set out to make the experiment. This new sort of spiritualism is one of the worst forms of one-idealism.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY E. GEORGE ADAMS, A. M.

"Thursday, the 21st of June, I preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Mary Pendexter, who died happy in God. She was the daughter of James Fernald. A short time before her death, she saw in a vision her brother and sisters, who were dead. They appeared to her clothed in white, with palms of victory and crowns of glory, singing. She joined with them, and when she came back to this world still continued singing."—AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF REFORMATION JOHN ADAMS.

SHE hath been sick a weary while,
The hectic flushes on her cheek
Flutter like dying sunset's smile
Around some frosty mountain peak.

Her hair is darker in its glow,
Above her cheek's unearthly light,
As skies are darker blue, when snow
Hath made the hills all silver white.

Her eyes, they have a wildering glance;
A mixture strange of hope and grief;
Like the pale autumn rays that dance
Upon a faded forest leaf.

The golden shadows of her days
Have sunk in blackest night afar;
Yet on her gloom there fall the rays
Of Jesus, the eternal Star.

And seeing that celestial light,
Glowing in Death's lone valley dim,
She welcomes all its depth of night,
If she can only go with Him.

She hath laid all the dreams aside,
She cherished in the time of yore;
And calmly stands to wait the tide
That wafts her to the eternal shore;

Yet sometimes back her thoughts will fly
To mingle in earth's dimmer glow,
As e'en the bow that spans the sky
Touches the rim of earth below;

She longs to see the landscape spread
Once more beneath her failing eyes,
And catch the glorious sunlight, shed
From the blue bosom of the skies.

So to the window's open space
Her chair is wheeled, that she may catch
One glimpse of long loved Nature's face,
Ere her sweet spirit "lifts the latch."

Before her lie the meadows green,
Where groups of snowy lambkins play;
Where shadowy willows fringe the scene,
And gentle waters lapse away.

In distance far the mountains dim
Lean up against the breast of air,
As grand as saint's unwritten hymn
Or martyr's unrecorded prayer.
She feels the glorious light once more—
Down from the spotless blue it falls;
Soon Death to her will ope the door
To the bright world beyond those walls.

But as she gazed upon the scene,
Wearied, in sleep she sunk away,
And on her shadowy hand and lean
Her head of dusky tresses lay.

And to her spirit visions came
Of hills no mortal foot can pass;
She saw Jehovah's throne of flame,
And seemed to tread the sea of glass.

Her brother and her sisters three,
Who on that way had gone before,
Met her with palms of victory,
And shouted as she touched the shore.

Then from their lips there gushed a strain
Of such bewildering music rare,
That all earth's music seemed but pain
To that melodious anthem there.

And with her weak yet mortal tongue
She joined the disembodied choir,
And sung the very song they sung
With the same melody and fire.

And then awoke; but still that hymn,
With all its wild, unearthly tone,
Chanted by saints and cherubim,
That dying woman sang alone.

With awe they heard—the watchers round—
The gush of that seraphic strain,
The wildering beauty of that sound,
No mortal ear shall hear again.

And when she ceased, her life was done,
And she had passed across death's tide,
Finishing the song on earth begun
Among the spirits sanctified.

HOME.

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D.

I KNEW my father's chimney top,
Though nearer to my heart than eye,
And watched the blue smoke reeking up
Between me and the winter sky.

Wayworn I trace the homeward track
My wayward youth had left with joy;
Unchanged in soul I wandered back,
A man in years, in heart a boy.

I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
And felt, of all I'd seen on earth,
This was the dearest spot to me.

THE FEMALE MISSIONARY.

A MEMORIAL OF MRS. FRANCES J. WILEY.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. DOOLITTLE, FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

On the third of November last death removed from our midst this excellent servant of God and esteemed companion in the missionary work. We can not but think that one so useful in her life, and so highly honored of the Lord in her death, deserves more than a mere passing notice. We were permitted to welcome to our number this beloved friend, with her family and a few others of the same Missionary Board, on the 9th of July, 1851. It was a day not to be forgotten by us, who hail with such keen relish any one from civilized Christendom, and especially Christian co laborers from our native land. After a little consultation, it was thought best that Dr. Wiley's family should immediately commence housekeeping, occupying the dwelling recently vacated by the Rev. J. D. Collins, who had then returned to America, and who has since gone to his reward. This decision brought with it many immediate cares, and a demand for personal labor which a pastor's wife in a Christian land, where kind friends are near to give timely aid, and where civilization has heaped up her arts for domestic need and comfort, can not fully understand. Ingenuity must invent, watchful care oversee, and personal effort perform, not only physical labor, but do this in connection with great mental effort in acquiring this difficult language. All this makes household duties a great and trying work; and for her who frees her husband from domestic cares, in order that his time and strength may be spent in making known the word of God, this is a *good work*, which will certainly have its reward. This was Mrs. Wiley's leading desire, and in this she truly excelled. But not to domestic duties only was her mind directed; for during her short missionary life she did much for the spiritual good of the heathen over whom she held an influence, and her great faithfulness in this part of her labor can only be fully known and rewarded in that bright land to which she has gone.

On the 30th of November, a few months after her arrival at Fuh-Chau, she gave birth to a daughter. During the first days of her illness the open and exposed condition of the house caused her to take cold, in consequence of which she was confined to bed about eight weeks with acute rheumatism, which was followed by a very painful and obstinate affection, which did much to break up her constitution, and there was even then much danger of a fatal termination. During this long-continued suffering great meekness and patience, and much sweet communion with God, were her characteristics and her strong fortress. When others feared, she manifested perfect resignation to the will of God, either to live or to die as he might please. In April, 1852, after all medical prescrip-

tion had been tried in vain, she was called upon to consider the question of returning to America, or, at least, of taking a sea voyage, as the only hope of recovery. She freely conversed with her husband on the subject; but, with striking devotion and resignation, finally concluded that she preferred to remain at Fuh Chau, and die when her heavenly Father should please, than be the means of severing her husband from the work in which she saw his heart so deeply interested, and only for the uncertain relief which might be hoped for from a sea voyage. This was a question which involved large interests, over which much prayer had been offered, and to which many serious hours of consideration had been devoted; and when she had arrived at the conclusion to remain, both felt that it was the work of the Lord, and praised God for the grace he had given them in this providence. The result showed the decision to be a correct one; and soon after her health began to improve, and during the following year, with the exception of occasional attacks of her painful malady, she enjoyed comfortable health, and rejoiced in the conclusion she had made, feeling that God, being satisfied with the trial of her faith, had staid the progress of disease and prolonged her life.

Her heart and faith were destined, however, to experience another trial. Her watchful eye soon detected the evidences of failing health in her husband. At this time the character of one "who looketh well to the ways of her household" manifested itself in all its loveliness and excellence in her. In every possible way she endeavored to lighten his duties and relieve his sufferings. But notwithstanding all her attentions, in September, 1852, he was confined to bed with a severe attack of dysentery, threatening his life. For six weeks her sympathizing heart was wrung with anxiety, forgetting her own feebleness, and becoming completely absorbed in her attentions to him. During the day she was constantly near him, anticipating his every wish, and lightening with her own gentle hand the pains and anxieties incident to the severe affection under which he labored. At night she only yielded her place at his bedside at the earnest solicitation of missionary friends, who stood ready to relieve her, if possible, in some degree. During ten days, while all hope of her husband's recovery was despaired of, she exhibited that Christian courage, fortitude, and meek resignation which shone as stars in her character. She scarcely thought of herself, or of the trying situation in which she would be placed by her husband's death. Her widowhood, her loneliness and desolation in a heathen land, even the wants and interests of her children, all seemed to be forgotten in her devotedness to her husband, and in her deep interest in his soul's welfare at that trying hour. She talked with him freely of his prospects in death; prayed with him; read to him; wept and rejoiced with him, constantly calling away his thoughts from dwelling upon the trying situation of her and her

children, to fix them upon God, the Savior, and heaven. Her joy was inexpressible when he began to recover. Day after day she poured forth her gratitude to God with tearful eyes and a swelling heart; and the many letters which she then wrote to her friends, telling of his sickness and recovery, were largely made up of thankfulness and praise to God for sparing to her her loved companion.

The succeeding winter was one of great domestic happiness and religious enjoyment, and she delighted to spend its quiet hours in prayer and praise. This winter was the last, and, as she said, the happiest of her life. The severe illness and merciful recovery of her husband had revealed to herself the depth of her affection for her little family, and it became her delight to watch over their wants with the tenderness of a devoted wife and the affection of a tender and gentle mother. A cheerful and happy heart, the gentleness of her disposition, and the activity of her sympathies, had secured for herself a happy home, and had won the esteem and love of all who knew her. She was ever desirous to benefit the heathen around her, and had already acquired considerable of the spoken language, though, in her own estimation, not sufficient to take the charge of a school; consequently, they formed the plan of taking native children into their family to be trained under their immediate supervision. This pleased Mrs. Wiley much. A plan by which this might be effected was drawn up, and sanctioned by the mission. In December they succeeded in obtaining two promising boys, about fifteen years of age. They soon became greatly attached to Mrs. Wiley, who spent much time in teaching them to read and speak the English language; and they always seemed to listen with affectionate attention when she endeavored to convey to their minds the precious truths of our religion in their own tongue. To her Chinese woman she was devotedly attached and ever faithful, teaching her many useful things, and often and earnestly conversing with her about the great interests of her immortal soul. In her private devotions these members of her family were often a subject of special prayer, and in family worship, in which she was often pleased to take the lead, she manifested great earnestness in her petitions for them. Her heart was deeply interested in the missionary work; and when the delicate state of her husband's health caused them to fear that they would be obliged to leave the field, she prayed the more earnestly that they both might be restored to health, and permitted to remain.

In the spring of 1853 the news of the rapid and successful progress of the rebellion in China began to reach us at Fuh-Chau, and another trial awaited Mrs. Wiley. For awhile much excitement prevailed among the people here, and some of the foreign residents began to fear it would soon become dangerous to remain at Fuh-Chau. The ladies of the mission to which Mrs. Wiley belonged participated much in these fears; and as the danger seemed to

grow more threatening, the two other families of the mission felt it their duty to leave Fuh-Chau, to seek safety and quietness at some other port, and in May began to make preparations for leaving. This was for a time a sore trial to her. Her husband, in consequence of delicate health, had already been urged to seek relief by taking a voyage to some other port; the progress and result of the rebellion could not be foretold, and no one could predict the circumstances in which foreign residents might be placed in case of an insurrection at Fuh-Chau. Mrs. Wiley, however, considered the case of her husband more embarrassing than her own; and seeing that he could not decide to leave, and that the missionaries of the other Boards had concluded to remain, and meet the unknown events before them, she was anxious to remain till dangers should at least assume a more threatening character. The eighth of May, when the subject came before her mind for a final decision, was a day of much prayer, followed by a sleepless but prayerful night. In the morning she felt that the path of duty was plain, and her mind was clear upon this point. She decided to remain. Her husband, knowing the question to be an important one, and one which involved the feelings and safety of his beloved companion more than his own, left the decision almost entirely to the workings of her own mind. On the twelfth of May the other two families of the mission left for Hongkong.* How could it be otherwise than a severe stroke to the affectionate feelings of a heart so capable of the highest degree of friendship and love, thus hastily to be separated from her female companions of her own mission, with one of whom she had crossed the sea, and to whom she had become warmly and intimately attached? The separation gave her many sad hours, from which she only found relief in frequent prayer, and in constant efforts to become meekly resigned to the will of Him in whose hands she had placed her all.

The dwelling which Dr. Wiley and family had hitherto occupied had been frequently visited, and once or twice entered, by night thieves, bold and successful robbers, who much infest Fuh-Chau in the winter season. The removal of one of the mission families from the same neighborhood left their dwelling in quite an exposed and lonely situation; and they, therefore, concluded that their peace and safety would be better secured by removing to one of the vacant houses of the American Board Mission, located in a more thickly inhabited district. This house had been partially abandoned by our mission as a residence, and was somewhat dilapidated; and they soon found that it was very warm and uncomfortable, and, when the melting heat of our summer had fully set in, it was very

* One of the missionaries—Rev. J. Colder—has since withdrawn from the mission, and also from the Church, and has returned to this country. The Rev. Mr. Maclay has since returned to the mission, and is now the only missionary of our Board upon the spot.—EDITOR.

evident that the health of both Dr. and Mrs. Wiley was rapidly failing. Mrs. Wiley soon became again much troubled with her obstinate affection; and with the hope of obtaining some temporary relief from the scorching heat, they, in company with another missionary family, made an excursion in the month of July on the river. This proved a delightful recreation, and exerted a happy influence on the mind and body of our dear friend; so much so, that later in the month they attempted to avail themselves again of the fresh and invigorating sea air blowing about the mouth of the river.

This proved an unfortunate movement; for soon after reaching the anchorage a fearful typhoon, accompanied with drenching rain, came on, and rendered their situation, in their rude Chinese boat, not only uncomfortable, but exposed and dangerous. For nine days they were closely confined to their boat, during which time the wind, with the strength of a hurricane, blew over them. The rain poured down in torrents, and the river, overflowing its banks, spread over a large extent of low land around them, placing them in the midst of a wide-spreading and angry flood. There was no possibility of escaping from this perilous situation; nor could any Chinaman be persuaded to launch his boat upon the threatening river, and go to their relief. "Here," says her husband, "Mrs. Wiley exhibited prominently two striking traits of her character—patience and fortitude in the midst of trials over which she could have no control." Though their situation was one of great discomfort, and no little peril, she exhibited the same cheerful and resigned spirit which so often appeared in her character in trying circumstances. After the ninth day the wind greatly abated, and the clouds began to clear away somewhat, though heavy showers of rain continued, and the river still was fearfully high. They concluded, however, to make an effort to reach Fuh-Chau, and were able, after some search, to find two Chinese who, with their small row-boat, were willing to try to ascend the rapid stream. They had scarcely embarked on the little boat, on which, with their children, they were crowded into a very small space, when it began to rain heavily. They had a tedious passage to Fuh-Chau, not reaching the suburbs of the city till ten o'clock at night; and at that hour all the street-gates were closed, rendering it impossible for them to leave their little boat. The rain continued, and the night was fearfully dark, while the current near the city became so strong that they were obliged to make their boat fast in a small eddy, and make the best they could of their close quarters for the night. Fortunately the boat had a close cover, which defended them from the rain, but could not keep out the cold, damp air, in which they passed a sleepless night.

Both the Dr. and Mrs. Wiley soon suffered seriously from the effects of this exposure. Mrs. Wiley was soon attacked by a recurrence of her disease, from which she never again recovered. Her hus-

band's health failed rapidly, and they were both confined much of the time during the months of August and September to their beds; and, finally, after much consultation, prayer, and reflection, they decided to leave Fuh-Chau, and seek restoration of health by traveling to another port, or, if necessary, by returning to their native land. All of us at that time, and especially Mrs. Wiley, thought the change necessary more on her husband's account than her own. "How easy," says her husband, "was it for us all to be deceived! Free from all selfishness, and constantly thinking and doing more for the wants and sufferings of others than for herself, her mind could easily overlook the symptoms of serious disease appearing in her own person, and ever uncomplaining, others were saved from those fears which otherwise would have been excited." Still she suffered much during the summer; often requiring medical attention, and often causing the heart of her husband to shudder at what might be the result of her suffering.

In September the affection with which she had been so much troubled in China assumed a more threatening character, and medicine no longer seemed to exert any control over it. Still, as she and her family were all ready to leave Fuh-Chau as soon as an opportunity presented, we all hoped that the bracing sea-air would arrest the disease, and her life be prolonged. But God willed it otherwise; no opportunity for leaving occurred, and her disease marched steadily on toward a fatal consummation. On Friday, the 14th of October, she gave premature birth to a child. Her husband, as well as others, began then to feel her case to be hopeless, and we trembled for the result. Her anxious companion watched her, if possible, with more intense anxiety and care, and was somewhat encouraged to find that she had for several days escaped those alarming results which we feared would at once end her life. Some slight hopes were now entertained of her recovery; but at the end of another week it became evident that she still was sinking. She was already much wasted, and her debilitating disease—chronic diarrhea—continued the work of emaciation in despite of the most diligent and careful application of food and medicine. On Thursday, October 27th, a sudden change in her disease rendered it evident that she could not live; and from that time forward she sank gradually to the grave, and on Thursday afternoon, November 3d, she fell asleep in Jesus.

And now what shall I say of the last days of our beloved sister? To dwell upon all the pleasant and hope-inspiring incidents of her triumphant death would swell this article to too great a length; to pass them by with a very brief notice would be a wrong to our holy Christianity, which is able to impart such peace and joy in the dying hour. During her last sickness her mind dwelt much on death. From the first she frequently said she must soon have relief or she must die. Still she had some hope of recovery till the birth of her little

one, after which she thought she would not recover, and began to put her house in order. On the Thursday preceding her death she became convinced she would die. Her husband talked with her respecting the prospects of her case, and communicated to her his fears that she could not survive. She replied, with much calmness, that she had been thinking so, and requested him to pray with her and for her. He asked her if she had strong desires to live. She said her desires for life were not very strong; that she was willing to die; but, if it were God's will, she would be pleased to live for the sake of her dear family. During the following Friday and Saturday her mind was much engaged in prayer. When asked if she felt prepared to die, she replied, "Not fully prepared." Her anxious husband then asked if death had any terrors to her mind. "O, no," said she, "I know God will give me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not fear to die; but I would like more joy and bliss in dying." She then asked him to read to her from the Bible, and sought for passages speaking of the great work of the Redeemer, and calculated to lead the soul to Christ. Her husband read to her some passages speaking of the hopes of the dying Christian and of the glories of heaven, when she said, "O my dear, I know heaven is all-glorious. God has taken care of all that. Read me passages which speak about Christ—which will lead right to Jesus. My soul can only find rest in Christ."

On Sabbath morning Mr. Welton, of the Church of England Mission, and her husband visited her in consultation. They felt there was no chance of recovery, and it became the duty of the former to communicate to her their opinion. After Mr. Welton told her there was no possibility of her getting well, she gave up all hope of life, and at once became happy in the prospect of death. Her first exclamation after receiving this information, which strikes dismay into the hearts of so many, was, "O, how much better to die here than to return to America! I shall soon be with God and my friends in heaven, instead of being with my friends at home." Her soul was exceeding joyful in the prospect of death. She said she would love to send many messages to her relatives and friends, but was too weak. "Tell them," she said, "that I die in great peace; that the Savior is very precious; that though I have endured many trials and afflictions in China, I have never regretted coming to this heathen land; that if I possessed another life I would be willing to devote it to the same work." She then praised God, repeating frequently, "Precious Savior! precious Savior! glory to God in the highest!" She spoke very affectionately of her dear little ones; praised God for giving them to her, and said she felt they were precious gifts from the hand of God, and that she would love to live and train them for him; and then with great calmness gave some brief orders about herself and her effects after death. In the afternoon she wished

some of the friends to meet for singing and prayer in the adjoining room, and requested that their prayers might be that God would give her grace to die in peace and to his glory. As they sang,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

she exclaimed, "Stand by me till I land!" A dear friend who was much with her during her last hours, participating most deeply in the happy prospects which seemed ever before the mind of her dying friend, said to her, "I almost feel as though I must go with you," when she replied, "Perhaps your time has not yet come. The Lord has a work for you to do here; but may be he needs me up there." Often during the singing and in prayer she exclaimed, "How precious! O how precious!" and praised the Savior for drawing so very near to her.

In the evening her eldest daughter came to bid her "good-night." The presence of her precious child awakened all the tender feelings of the affectionate mother. She addressed a few words of encouragement and exhortation to her, and said, "Now, kiss me good-night, for mamma is about to die. To-night Adah will kiss me good-by; then, after many years, perhaps, when Adah has grown to be a woman, and has given her heart to God, and lived to his glory, then some time Adah will fall asleep and wake up in heaven, and find her long-lost mother: with what joy will we meet to part no more!" During Sabbath afternoon she frequently said, that death had no terrors, and she had no desire to live, and spoke of her death and burial with much minuteness and great composure, as though about entering upon a brief but delightful voyage. How often she repeated the words: "My only hope is in Christ; O how could I die without Christ; he is a precious Savior!" She also said, "I look away from myself, and look to Jesus, then I have great peace." But we can not attempt to repeat all the precious words which constantly flowed from her full and happy heart. It was truly a precious privilege to be with her. Her countenance constantly wore a most pleasant and lovely expression while these words of peace and joy were falling from her lips. One could not be with her without feeling that she was very near heaven. During Sabbath night her mind wandered greatly; but during her occasional periods of reason she manifested great peace.

On Monday morning her mind was freed from the wanderings of disense, and the day passed in a state of heavenly calmness. She spoke of going where she would be free from sin and sorrow, and said, "I should like to go home soon; but God's will be done." Many precious passages of Scripture were strongly impressed on her mind, giving her much consolation and support. The declaration of our blessed Savior in Mark x, 29, 30, was applied to her case with peculiar force and much comfort. The language of the Psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death,"

etc.; the Savior's words in John xiv, 2, 3, "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc., were rich in consolation; and the last clause of the passage, "that where I am, ye may be also," she frequently repeated. On the previous evening, feeling that she would most probably die during the night, she had bid farewell with a very dear female friend. That friend returned again to see her in the morning, when she said, "I am still here; but some morning you will come and find that I have gone; but fear not, some morning you will find me again in that better world." Her little ones being again brought to her, she exhibited much affectionate feeling, and spoke to the eldest one in encouraging language, telling her not to weep, that her mother was going to heaven to be with Jesus. Again she commended them to God, and requested her husband to present them to her friends as two precious treasures which God had given her. This idea of her children being peculiarly the gift of God, was a prominent one in the mind of Mrs. Wiley, and exerted a strong influence over all her intercourse with them. She viewed them not as hers, but as God's—as sacred trusts which he had deposited in her care. When asked at this time if she felt desirous to depart and be with Christ, she replied, "O yes; but I am in no hurry—to-day or to-morrow, when God shall please, will do for the welcome messenger to come." One of the little native boys who had been living in their family, and in whom Mrs. Wiley had taken a deep interest, came to see her this morning. She spoke a short time to him in Chinese in words of affectionate exhortation and encouragement, but soon found that the effort exhausted her strength. She then gave her husband several kind messages to interpret to him. The little fellow seemed much affected, declared his confidence in the power of Jesus to save, and promised to believe on him, that he also might go to heaven.

During most of the day on Tuesday she was in perfect possession of her mind. This was a happy day. A heavenly sweetness seemed to prevail around her. She felt that she was almost home. Though tarrying with us, and blessing us by her peaceful and happy presence, she appeared to live in heaven. About noon she thought the hour of her deliverance had come, and called us into the room to pray with her. During the prayer she manifested much joyful feeling and great confidence in God, praising him for enabling her to die so sweetly. It was, indeed, a blessed privilege to witness death so completely deprived of its sting, and the grave of its victory. During the night and following day her intellect was much affected. On Wednesday a calm expression settled upon her countenance, and a peaceful smile gathered around her lips; and thus was passed the day, without scarcely speaking a word. In the evening her mind became more actively delirious, and she talked incessantly during the night; her wanderings being of a happy and innocent character, indicative of the deep peace which prevailed in her

soul. On Thursday her reason did not again return; but her wanderings ceased, and her strength began to give way, and we felt that our dear friend was dying. She continued to sink away gradually and softly, free from all pain, and about four and a half o'clock in the afternoon she gently fell asleep in Jesus, as though calmly sinking to her evening slumbers. Her sweet spirit, gentle in life, gentle in death, had peacefully gone to be forever with the Lord. Nearly all our little missionary board, with several natives, including her teacher and her woman, stood around her bed in silence, with tearful eyes and sad hearts, yet rejoicing in this perfect triumph of grace through the redeeming love of Christ. It was a beautiful day; a soft and mellow atmosphere prevailed around—an atmosphere of love and heaven filled the room; and thus in the midst of befitting circumstances for her calm and gentle spirit, it passed away; and we saw by an eye of faith the angel-messengers, and the company which no man could number, and Jesus, the glory of the heavenly city, ready to welcome our beloved sister to a home in heaven.

There is another very interesting and encouraging incident connected with the death of our dear friend which we feel unwilling to pass by. This was the presence and devotion of her faithful Chinese woman. She is a young married woman, of excellent character, and had lived with Mrs. Wiley a little more than two years, and had been as faithful and devoted a servant as she had found an affectionate and gentle mistress. They had frequently talked together of death, of God, and of the Savior, and a mutual strong attachment had sprung up between them. During the last days of Mrs. Wiley's illness this faithful woman was almost constantly at her side, eager to know and gratify every wish. During the day of her death she stood by her bedside all the time, in the deepest distress, holding the hand of her dying friend, and, in a peculiarly affectionate Chinese movement, gently rubbing her limbs, while she was sobbing with grief, and the tears were flowing constantly from her eyes. At length when death came, and the spirit of our sister had gone, she wept as if her heart would break; and when we kneeled down to pray, she fell upon her knees close by the side of the bereaved husband, at the bedside of her loved friend, and we could not but feel that she was really his nearest companion in grief. May we not hope that God will sanctify this dispensation of his providence to her, and make it one means of leading her heart to that Savior who gave so peaceful a death to one she had so much loved!

This is not the place to draw the truly beautiful character of our departed sister. We might easily swell this article to a much greater length by dwelling upon the excellent traits which were exhibited in her life, and it would be a delightful office to recall many precious reminiscences of our cherished intercourse with her. Deep humility, gentleness and sweetness of disposition, active and

far-reaching sympathies, meekness, resignation, and fortitude, combined with the most unwavering faith in our Redeemer, were the traits which rendered her life so useful, which so greatly endeared her to all who knew her, and which gave such interest to the scenes connected with her last hours. This character shone most beautifully on her death-bed. During the whole of her sickness she was in a cheerful and thankful frame of mind. Every kind office performed for her was received with expressions of thankfulness, and almost invariably with a cheerful smile. A warm flannel applied to her body, a cup of fresh, warm tea, or an agreeable article of food always elicited her thanks to the giver, and expressions of gratitude to God for the many comforts afforded her in her afflictions. I can not refrain from noting the following little incident, which illustrates so much of her character: Bathing her feverish face and hands in cold water was peculiarly refreshing to her, and often drew from her earnest expressions of thanks. On one occasion, while her husband was performing this grateful office, she said to him, "O, how sorry I am I did not know that this was so refreshing to the sick: I might have given you so much comfort when you were sick a year ago. But I did not know; and then you were not so low as I am." "No," replied her husband, "I was not so low as you are." "Well," said she, "God's will be done; I only wish to do and suffer his will."

SUMMER FAREWELL.

BY MARY P. ROBINSON.

SUMMER, thou art going. The music of thy departing sigh is upon the winds. The dark-leaved branches are waving a sad requiem, and bright-hued flowers are heavy and drooping with tears. Earth's joyous ones are mourning that thy golden hours are so swiftly passing.

But thou, O glorious Summer! how shouldst thou joy to go when the bright, majestic things of earth are fading! The world will mourn thy departure, with all thy sunny days; thy fragrant eves, with white-robed clouds mingling with gold and azure, and holy stars, and gentle moonlight, shedding such peaceful calmness on weary hearts below; thy nights of soft repose and glorious dreams; thy mornings lifting the dusky veil and pouring heaven's radiant light o'er the awakening world; and thy gentle showers, and sweeping storms, and God-voiced thunder, and flashing light, and rushing winds, majestic in their swell: all these, with thee, sweet Summer, are swiftly passing.

O would that, like thee, I, too, could go! Thou hast taken all my brightest things, and I am left. Naught lingers save Memory, who, with breeze-like voice, sadly low, whispers of the past. It tells of fragrant eves, when I have listened the gentle

tones of cherished ones, and loving eyes gazed on mine; when Hope's glad breathings were in my heart, and the future shone forth in cloudless glory. It tells of dewy mornings, when happy hearts and merry feet wandered among dim old woods and by flowing streams; how we listened the bird-songs, and envied not their joyousness—for were we not happier?—how we gathered the dewy roses, and, with dark-leaved laurel, wove shining wreaths to deck the brows of loved ones. Can we forget them? No; for with more than human skill are they daguerreotyped upon our hearts.

But hopes that had birth with thee, sweet Summer, have perished, and cold and withered now they lie upon thy bosom, "like the dead upon the bosom of its mother dead." Other summers will come and shed strange beauty over earth, and other forms will frequent our old haunts, and other feet will tread the well-frequented paths; but the friends and the joys that have passed with the summer of '53 shall never come again. My heart's summer is o'er.

RESIGNATION.

BY MARY B. WALDRON.

Hush, my heart, each sad repining;
Adverse winds on earth must rise;
Yet for thee there still is shining
Brighter hopes and fairer skies.
Trials here were sent to teach thee,
Earth is not thy spirit's home:
Here misfortune's shafts may reach thee;
Suff'rings here and grief must come.
"Earthly hopes may all be blighted;"
Youth's bright visions fade away;
Joys that have thy pathway lighted
May be doomed to swift decay;
Yet, amid earth's pain and sadness,
Hopes there are which never die—
Hopes that fill the heart with gladness—
Hopes which reach beyond the sky.
Jesus—O that name, how precious!—
Jesus came—dispell'd the gloom
That, like midnight, hung suspended
O'er the confines of the tomb.
Through its portals, once so dreary,
Now beams forth immortal light;
Mourners wayworn, sad, and weary,
Hail with joy the glorious sight.
From earth's scenes of pain and anguish,
Upward turn thy weeping eye;
Let thy faith no longer languish,
But in triumph soar on high.
Life is thine—a life immortal,
Far beyond earth's cloudy sphere;
And its rays, through faith's bright portal,
May illumine thy pathway here.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN HOLINESS."

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

SAID a young man who was a lawyer, and whose propensities seemed ever inclining him to go from cause to effect, "Mother, I don't believe in holiness."

"Don't believe in holiness!" exclaimed the pious mother; "why, my son, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, mother: I do not believe in holiness."

"You believe the Bible," said the astonished mother, "and you know, my son, the Bible speaks of holiness. Surely, you believe the Bible."

"Yes, mother, I believe the Bible, but I do not believe in holiness."

"Why, my son, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you, mother, just what I mean. Ever since I can remember you have been praying for holiness; and if there were any such thing as holiness to be attained, I am sure you would have had it long before now; and, therefore, I do not believe that there is any such thing as holiness."

We will not attempt to describe the amazement of that mother. From the earliest infancy of her son she had set him apart for the service of the sanctuary. And her highest hopes would have been answered if he in early life might have answered to the call of God as did Samuel. But she had seen his fine intellect maturing in strength, clear and penetrating as a sunbeam, quick to detect error, and strong to attract, and concentrate others under its influence, yet not inclining him to discern the right way of the Lord, nor to lead others into it. And now to hear him express his skepticism in relation to one of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, and that her own failure in coming up to the Christian standard had been made the occasion of these skeptical expressions, was too much.

On the ensuing class afternoon she hastened to the class-room, and unburdened her heavy heart to her class-leader. Her leader was one who professed to enjoy the blessed consciousness that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and, after this dear mother related the foregoing conversation, she felt deeply for her class-member. But she did not try to make less poignant the keen conviction of the Holy Spirit, of the necessity of *present* holiness, which by this occurrence had been wrought in her heart. Her class-leader admitted that the occurrence was calculated to reprove seriously, and admonished her to set about seeking the witness of the blessing at once—assured her that the blessing had already been purchased for her. When Christ bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," then salvation from *all* sin, a redemption from *all* iniquity, was wrought out; and how the blessing, as it had been purchased for her, was already hers, in case she complied with the condition upon which it was offered.

This reprov'd mother found, on surveying what had been her position for years, that the Holy Spirit had induced a *willingness* to be holy; she also saw that by the Spirit's aid she had been enabled to consecrate herself; but the difficulty with her had been, that, *after* she had consecrated herself, she did not take the next step in the purifying process, and *believe that God at that moment accepted the consecration*.^{*} She saw that during all these years she *might* have believed; that the Holy Spirit had brought her to the point where it was not left optional with herself whether she would believe, but where the command met her, "This is the *command* of God, that ye believe;" and that her refusing to believe on the authority of God's word, without signs or wonders, had greatly grieved the Holy Spirit, and brought upon her the merited rebuke. What she had been wanting was the witness first *before* believing.[†] But now she saw that the witness came through believing, not antecedent—"He that *believeth* hath the witness in himself." She had often united in the words,

"I can not wash my heart
But by believing thee;"

^{*} The form of unbelief alluded to here, we think, is not a very common one. We can hardly conceive how it can be possible for any Christian to doubt for a single moment but that when self-consecration is *rightly* and *fully* made to God, it is accepted. He knows it is impossible, from the character and promises of God, and the provisions of the Gospel, it should be otherwise. If then an individual, whether a sinner seeking for pardon or a believer panting for purity, *believes* himself to have made this consecration, and yet mourns that he has no evidence, no testimony of the Spirit, as to its acceptance, he has ground to distrust—not the *faithfulness* of God, but the *genuineness* or *entireness* of his own self-consecration. If, when placed in such a situation, he distrusts, not whether his self-consecration be right, but simply whether God has accepted a consecration that is *right*, he shows that he has vastly more confidence in himself than in God, and that he needs to be more thoroughly instructed in the first elements of Christian faith.—EDITOR.

[†] Here the author again confronts the same practical error as that noted above. We do not understand her to mean that we are to believe in the reality of our personal pardon, adoption, or purification, without the witness of the Spirit, but simply on the ground that we believe we have made a consecration of ourselves to God. This would be but a frail foundation upon which to rest. But it is true, we must have faith, must believe in the all-atoning, all-purifying blood of Christ, in its divine efficacy and real application to cleanse, whenever our faith and consecration are full and sincere; nor can we ever expect that this work will be done, or that we shall have the witness of it, till we have thus believed on Jesus Christ. But to believe the work is done in order that it may be done, is to believe an untruth in order that God may bless us; and to believe that God has blessed us in order that we may get the witness afterward, is to perform an act of presumption, and one that will open the door to every delusion. God can never have prescribed such absurdities as *conditions* of his favor and blessing.

We do not understand the estimable and pious author of this article as differing from us essentially upon these cardinal points of Christian doctrine; and we should be sorry to have any misconstruction put upon the language she employs. But if there should be a shade of difference, or any number of shades of difference, in our respective opinions, we have too high an appreciation of her friendship and her personal piety to feel any hesitancy in pointing out such differences in an appropriate manner.—EDITOR.

and had she acted on the principle involved in the words, she might long before have been cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit—sanctified through the belief of the truth. But now she brought it to a point to believe at once, irrespective of emotions; resolved that she would not grieve the Spirit by permitting her views of the faithfulness of God to depend upon her uncertain emotions. She did believe, and since that time she has been a faithful witness of the power of Christ to save from all sin.

THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS AND THE SANCTIFICATION OF BELIEVERS CONNECTED.

Some might be disposed to dispute the point with us, were we to venture an opinion that this son might have been, perhaps, sooner converted if this mother had sooner received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. We will not say so, but will remind those who would question, that the early disciples received far greater power after they received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. And it is written judgment must begin at the house of God. We have known very marked cases other than the one we are just now about to present, where the conversion of dear ones, though long prayed for, was delayed till after the pleader had received that power from on high which the full baptism of the Spirit brings. But we will tell how it was in this case, and then, if the patience of the reader holds out, we may mention other corroborative cases.

Before this mother and her friend, the class-leader, had left the class-room, they resolved to unite in praying that the Lord would convert the son. "He is, indeed, too bright a sinner for Satan to have; and so well does he understand Christian obligation, that I think he would make a bright, useful Christian, if only thoroughly converted," said the class-leader, and farther observed, "Let us pray that the Lord will convert and make a minister of him, if it be his will." The plan was agreed upon, and the friends parted.

It was but a short time afterward that the son returned, after having spent the Sabbath with a brother-in-law, a short distance in the country. That Sabbath had been with the mother a day of more than ordinary trial from the buffetings of the adversary. "He has gone from under your ministrations, which would be most likely to be serviceable to him, to sit under a heartless ministry, and to mingle with society which may dissipate from his mind awakening influences, if he has any." So said the tempter, and the day was spent amid conflict; yet faith, though assailed, did not yield.

"Mother, what could I tell you that would give you the most pleasure?" said the son on the following day, as he approached his mother with his face beaming with smiles.

"My son, you need not ask me; you know that you could not give your mother greater pleasure than by telling her that you had given your heart to the Lord."

"Well, mother, that is just what I have been doing."

The astonished mother could hardly believe for very joy, when the son thus narrated the circumstances of his conversion:

On the morning of the day previous he heard a sermon on the importance of decision. It was not the hearty manner of the speaker, nor the novelty of the truths uttered, that arrested attention; but it was the Spirit in answer to the prayer of faith that gave edge to truth. Yes, it was the sword of the Spirit that penetrated; and he now saw that the time had come when he must either decide for God or lose his soul. If he decided for God, he felt that he must preach the Gospel. And here was the struggle between his own will and what he believed to be a divine requirement. He loved the practice of law, and saw preferment before him. But to hold out against what he believed to be the will of God he felt would be to lose his soul. He counted the cost, and decided for God.

"The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." As he made the decision, he took a step nearer to God. "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you," was exemplified in his experience, as is ever the case with every sinner. He now saw himself to be a sinner—and such a sinner! He struggled on till night, every moment his burden becoming yet more intolerable. He retired. But so great was the load on his heart that sleep was not to be thought of. His brother-in-law, who holds the office of judge in one of our city courts, a backslidden Methodist, being probably the only one in the house who could sympathize, our friend rose in the middle of the night, and went to his room, and asked if he would rise and pray for him. The judge could not refuse, but, doubtless, would have been far more at home on the bench trying a criminal. But he rose, and wept and prayed with the penitent, till the Savior manifested himself to take away sin, and the redeemed, saved sinner could exclaim,

"My dungeon shook, my soul was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

And thus was the happy tale told, and son and mother went on their way rejoicing.

THE CONVERSION OF A HUSBAND DELAYED.

And now let me tell of a wife who was one of my dearest friends. Thirteen years had she been wedded to one who had never given his heart's best affections to the Savior. Often did she pray and agonize for his conversion, and well nigh as often had it been suggested to her mind, "Get the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord will convert your husband." She did not mean to be disobedient to the voice of the Spirit; yet, without scarcely intending to do so, she did slight its influences. "And what can that have to do with the conversion of my husband?" was the thought with which she turned aside the Spirit's urgings.

She had long believed that she would be more useful if she enjoyed that blessing, and had left the denomination to which she attached herself on first commencing her religious career, in order to unite with a people who believed this blessing attainable. Yet though she had so long known of her high and holy calling, and desired the grace, yet she never once brought her mind to the decision, "I will have the blessing, and have it now," till hearing a minister from the sacred desk say, "Not only from this blessed Bible do I proclaim this blessing as your privilege, but from my heart do I proclaim it, for I feel that I have it all *here!*" That moment she resolved that she would have it, and in a few hours she was rejoicing in possession of the grace. It is not written, "If any man intends to do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine;" but, "If any man *will* do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." And how quickly after it was her *will* to be wholly sanctified did she receive the blessing! It had long been *God's* will. She had probably hundreds of times read, "This is the *will* of God, even *your* sanctification;" and now just so soon as it was *her* will to be wholly sanctified, how soon the work was accomplished!

Her husband, who had the command of a vessel, was absent at the time when the beloved of his heart received this full baptism of the Spirit; but on his return, which was within a few days, he could not but observe that grace had made a complete renovation. His heart was arrested. He accompanied her to the house of God. When an invitation was extended to those who had resolved to seek the Lord, her husband quickly responded, and from that hour became a follower of the Savior. So noiseless and unexpected, and yet so decisive, was this movement on the part of her husband, that my friend with amazement thought, "What can this mean?" when, sudden as a flash, it was suggested, "Did not the Holy Spirit long since assure you, that if you would get the full baptism your husband would be converted?" We will not pause to inquire why the special influences of the Spirit were withheld from that husband on account of the spiritual deficiencies of that wife. As well might the early disciples have asked why it were needful that they should tarry at Jerusalem till endued with power from on high. And had they been resolved on not waiting, inwardly questioning, "Why, what can that have to do with the conversion of the world?" is it probable that the special influences of the Spirit would have been given, resulting in the conversion of three thousand in one day? O, would the whole Church act upon this principle, what glorious results might be realized!

I related the preceding narrative to a lovely young wife whose husband was unconverted. "Now get this blessing," I observed, "and I do not doubt but the Lord will hear your prayers for the conversion of your husband." She sought for and obtained the grace, and the next I heard

from her was that the Lord had converted her husband. She was gathered from the circle of influence and wealth, and has become eminently a burning and a shining light. Her husband is also one of the Lord's noblemen.

Now, do not understand me to mean that no one can be in any degree useful unless clear in the experience of entire sanctification; but do understand me to say, that the sanctified believer, cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, is calculated to be *far more useful*. And if you want the Lord to use you in the conversion of the members of your household and others, get wholly sanctified. Resolve that you will not live another day without it. If you want to get the blessing in *God's* time, get it now, for *now* is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation.

THE HARP OF THOUGHT.

BY J. D. BELL.

WHEN from the spirit's threshold thoughts, thick-thronging,

Go forth at some strong passion's stern decree,
Each on the mission to itself belonging,
Bright-winged as their monarch sets them free,
Then does the soul some glorious harp resemble,
Whose music-tones are words of mellow sound;
The secret chords of being seem to tremble,
Shedding mysterious cadences around.

What bosom hath not owned, by throbs unnumbered,

How mighty is this harp's full gush of song?
When gloomy cares, like clouds, the heart incumbered,

Who hath not feasted on its music long?
How often have we felt its power to rally
The sinking spirit to its wonted fire!
And when our souls were creeping in life's valley,
How oft its clarion tones have raised them higher!

On foreign soil a pilgrim wandered lonely,
His white feet moving 'mid grim heathen shrines;
He met and mingled with dark strangers only,
Whose words to him were but barbaric signs.
But in his bosom shone this harp of beauty,
And from its chords came forth the mystic song;
He sung of love and joy, of hope and duty,
And the wild music rolled in fire along!

Some echoes of that strain lit on the mountains,
And waking valleys sprang to catch the sound;
As break the ice-chains from the vernal fountains,
Broke then the fetters by which souls were bound.
The land of death began to put on greenness;
Men bowed no more to gods of stupid clay;
A starry empire rose up in serenity,
And Error flapped her ebon wings and flew away!

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

"Then would she sit,
And think all day upon the past." SOUTHEY.

REBECCA had never known either her father or her mother. The former departed this life about three months before she was born, and the latter died in bringing her into the world. She was, therefore, adopted by an uncle and aunt who resided in a genteel house in "merry Islington." This worthy couple had no children of their own; so that their affections were soon set on their infant niece; and they brought her up with the same tenderness as they would have exercised if she had been their own offspring. In addition to the truly parental affection which they uniformly cherished for their lovely charge, they possessed two other advantages which rendered their work of mercy a "delightful task"—they had *wealth*, and they had *piety*. By the one they were enabled to give her a liberal education; and under the influence of the other they instilled into her youthful mind the principles of evangelical truth. Indeed, from the excellent training of her foster parents, and the unceasing care which they exercised, from her very infancy, to train her up in the fear of God, it might be truly said of Rebecca—after the example of Timothy—"From a child she had known the holy Scriptures."

At the early age of fourteen she obtained a clear sense of her acceptance with God, through faith in the atonement of Christ. And the genuineness of the change which she then experienced was afterward evidenced by the consistency of her moral deportment. Her personal appearance, as she grew up, was prepossessing, and her mental accomplishments became more and more developed. Such was Rebecca when she at length attained her nineteenth year. About this time a young man, about her own age, the son of a rich merchant in the neighborhood, sought her hand in marriage. He was a person of remarkably pleasing exterior; but it had been whispered in her ear that he was of libertine principles, and that he spent most of his evenings at the theater and other kindred places. Though not disposed, at first, to give him the least encouragement, it subsequently became evident, as he continued his visits, that his addresses were not displeasing to her. Her friends were grieved, and repeatedly remonstrated on the impropriety of uniting her destiny with that of a man who made no profession of religion, and who scarcely ever attended a place of worship. An unaccountable infatuation, however, seemed to have taken possession of her mind—a morbid kind of feeling which made her reckless of consequences. At length the announcement of her marriage to him showed the little regard which she paid to the remonstrances of her friends.

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She now removed with her husband to a respectable house, which was already provided for their reception, about three miles from the city. Here parties of pleasure were frequently introduced; and though for some time her feelings were shocked at the levity which they displayed, yet, by mingling with their society, she gradually imbibed a portion of the same spirit, and became too much conformed to the same practices, till eventually every spark of piety was apparently extinguished in the bosom of Rebecca.

Two years have rolled away, and the spring—the beautiful spring, with its "ethereal mildness"—has again visited the earth. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

"How sweet the first sound of the cuckoo's note!
It is the voice of spring among the trees;
It tells of lengthening days—of coming blooms."

The hawthorn hedges have resumed their green livery, and the lilac and the laburnum are already in bloom. The eyes are gladdened with scenes of rural beauty, and the senses are sweetly regaled with the odor of a thousand vernal flowers.

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May."

Yes, and as fine a morning as ever dawned in May. Not a cloud obscures the blue canopy of heaven. The woods and groves are vocal with the "songs of earliest birds;" the sunny banks are sprinkled with primroses, and the smiling meadows are teeming with cowslips.

As a contrast to these glowing scenes and heart-elating sounds, look into that gloomy chamber, where, silent and sad, Rebecca is seated. See, she is bending, in hopeless grief, over her dying child. Sweet little Frances! She first opened her beautiful eyes in the spring of the past year, when the budding flowers were bursting into birth. Now her fragile body was withering amidst opening buds and vernal blossoms. But where is the husband of Rebecca? Why is he not present at so critical a time, to share the anguish of his distracted wife, to mingle his tears with hers at the couch of his dying babe, and thus, in some measure, relieve the solitude of the sick chamber? Look on those weeds of solemn black. Alas! they tell of Rebecca's widowhood. Her husband reposes in the quiet church-yard, and the grass already waves over his early grave. The tragic story of his death is soon told. During the summer of the past year he went to Covent Garden Theater, accompanied by his wife, to witness the performance of a popular actor. On returning home, which, of course, was at a late hour, his vehicle was overturned, owing to the restiveness of the horse, and both he and his wife were precipitated on the pavement. Happily the injuries sustained by Rebecca were not serious; but to her husband they proved fatal; for after lingering in excruciating pain, for the

space of a week from the time of the occurrence, death put a period to his sufferings.

This was a most afflictive stroke to the sensitive bosom of Rebecca. Her days henceforth appeared to be spent in sadness and in sighs. The only solace she experienced was that which arose from tending her infant babe, to which she had given birth only three months previous to its father's decease. But even this solace, this temporary alleviation of her sorrows, was shortly taken from her. In the following spring the scarlet fever was prevalent in the neighborhood. Several children had already fallen victims to its ravages. Rebecca's infant was attacked. Day after day, and night after night, the widowed mother hung over her unconscious babe. The fever was now at its height; Rebecca was still seated by the bedside; but the tears which she continued to shed could not cool its burning cheek; till at length the angel of death stalked into the room, and laid his cold, icy hand on the innocent sufferer—and the fever fled forever! In the same moment another angel, bright from the realms of glory, softly caught the disembodied spirit, and bore it triumphantly to heaven, amidst the beautiful minstrelsy of a thousand golden harps!

Rebecca was now alone in the world. She had lost the husband of her youth under circumstances the most painful; now, as the victim of a fearful epidemic, she saw the child of her bosom sicken and die. But the fact which of all others tended most to render her situation truly wretched was—the consolations of religion were withheld; and no heavenly messenger, no ministering spirit, was sent to calm the tumult of her troubled soul, or to whisper peace to her stricken heart. Alas! she had left the fountain of living waters, and had run to broken cisterns. The Bible, the devotions of the closet, and the public ordinances of religion had long been exchanged for worldly pleasures and worldly amusements. It is no wonder, therefore, that in the hour of trial her soul refused to be comforted.

* * * *

The spring has passed away, and the last violet has long faded from the mountain. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and autumn has paleled into winter, whitening the fields and lanes with drifted snows.

"Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual snow."

It was the Sabbath morning. Rebecca was seated in her lonely apartment—the same room in which her husband expired, and from which the soul of her sainted babe was summoned to glory. The bells of the different churches were chiming for divine service. She saw from the window crowds of persons bending their steps to their respective places of worship. But, as usual, she remained at home. On this occasion, however, she appeared unusually

serious; for, as she gazed on the passing throng repairing to the house of God, she thought of by-gone days, when, sitting under the sound of the Gospel, she had experienced many times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Then she could say, with delightful emotions, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." Now the silence of her solitary chamber was for a season broken, while, under a deep conviction of her fall from grace, she exclaimed,

"What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill!"

"Hæu, tristis et lachrymosa commutatio!"

In the apartment there was a chest in which, previous to her marriage, she had deposited a number of devotional and other religious books, and also her manuscript diary, in which for several years she had regularly entered her Christian experience. This latter treasure she now removed from its long resting-place, and began, with melancholy interest, to peruse its well-known pages. Some of the records deeply affected her mind; for they were written in seasons when she had received some delightful manifestations of the Divine presence, or when her piety had assumed a higher and holier tone. There were other entries which recorded some gracious deliverances which she had experienced in times of trial and temptation. The very retrospect of these was now accompanied by sensations of deep humility and self-abasement. But there was one entry which was the most affecting of all, and appeared to have been written in one of those happy moments when she had received, through faith in the Divine promise, a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. On this record the eyes of Rebecca lingered for some time, till a flood of tears began to course down her pale cheeks, literally bathing the manuscript page which lay open before her. But those tears could not blot out the handwriting. It was as follows:

"— This morning I received the sacrament of the Lord's supper; and while thus showing forth the Lord's death, a divine unction accompanied the administration of this holy ordinance, and heaven seemed to descend into my soul. As I drank of the 'cup of blessing,' my tears mingled with the wine. But they were tears of joy. Who would forego such enjoyments as these for the sickening pleasures of the world! O Jesus! if I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning."

She could read no more; but replacing the manuscript in its former position, she fell upon her knees; and, adopting the language of David as being most in accordance with the present state of her feelings, she exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy

Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation."

Several days elapsed before her spirit could rejoice in God. The struggle was, indeed, a long and violent one. She found, as thousands have felt, that it is much easier to forsake the Lord than to retrace our steps to Calvary—much easier to leave the Fountain of living waters than to return to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. But now that the struggle was over, she was made truly happy. The night of gloom had passed away, and the "day star" arose in her heart, giving her the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Nor did she ever again return to the follies of the world; but, by the grace of God, she was enabled to hold on her way, till at length her happy spirit, washed and made white in the blood of Christ, was called from the Church militant to mingle with the saints in glory.

HOME POLITENESS.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say, "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home? to your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your husband—ah! it's a matter of course; no need of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds, don't think of it, I don't care at all!" If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Ah! these are little things, say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see any thing to apologize for—never thinks of such matters." Every thing is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children: perfectly comfortable. Goes home, where the wife has been taking care of the sick ones and working her life almost out. Don't see why things can't be kept in better order: never were such cross children before. No apologies accepted at home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "You are very kind!" Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

THE BLIND ONE'S LAMENT.*

BY MISS SARAH WARD.

WHILE sitting in my easy chair,
And listening to the voice of mirth,
I sigh that I can never share
With my dear friends the joys of earth.

I hear them talk, I hear them read,
Of nature's numerous beauties bright;
But from my sight they all are hid,
And I must live in constant night.

They tell me that the snow is gone;
Again the fields are clothed in green;
This makes my weary soul now long
To look upon the lovely scene.

'Tis true I feel the warming sun;
Again I hear the sweet birds sing;
And, too, I hear the waters run,
True token of returning spring.

Its balmy breezes as they pass
Bring me sweet fragrance from the flowers,
Which I can never see—alas!
How cheerless are the sunny hours!

The glowing sun and balmy air,
The singing birds and sweet perfume,
Incite me with a strong desire
To see the spring's returning bloom.

To cultivate the flowers so sweet,
My heart now longs, but longs in vain:
This often causes me to weep,
And sometimes tempts me to complain,

And think my lot quite hard, indeed,
Thus gloomily to spend my days,
Without the privilege to read,
Or once on nature's beauties gaze.

To wish for death may seem quite strange,
And yet I sigh at its delay;
I long for that delightful change—
From constant night to endless day.

But I must try to be content,
Nor murmur at afflictions given,
But patient wait till life is spent,
Obedient to the will of Heaven—

Till death, bless'd messenger, shall come,
And from my bondage set me free,
Then through the wide expanse I'll roam,
And all the vast creation see.

* The above touching lines were accompanied by the following note: "These lines are from one who has been blind from so early in life that she has no distinct recollection how a tree, building, or even an individual looks; yet she has an imperfect idea of colors. They were not designed for publication when composed, but merely for her personal satisfaction; yet, knowing that she has not heretofore refused her friends the privilege of publishing them in the state of New York where she resides, I send them to you, to be inserted in the Repository, if they should meet with your approbation. Allow me to add, that they are exemplary of the authoress's daily life.

"B. S. W."

PRACTICAL PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY WM T. COGGERSHALL.

NUMBER V.

EMINENT MECHANICS OF EUROPE.

PART I.

THE controlling element of man's sphere in this world is thought. The true patent of nobility lies in the power to produce ideas—the capacity to direct and the energy and the industry required to execute thought. The difference of men's success is, under ordinary circumstances, the measure of their practical thoughtfulness. The smallest machines, the grandest inventions, the noblest poems, the most charming or moving orations, are alike but the expressions of thought. The extreme of fallacy is entertained by him who believes, or affects to believe, that the labor performed by the hands for the fulfillment of any good thought is degrading. Whether for literature, science, the arts, mechanics, or agriculture, it is ennobling. However, the higher the purpose of thought, the higher and more noble the manual labor it demands. There are, therefore, properly, degrees of the nobility of labor. The mechanic, the inventor, are justly entitled to as high rank among society's real noblemen—the men of worth, industry, and genius, who are useful—as those whose occupations, if they do not require more intellectual, impose less physical exertion.

Neither the men of the past nor of the present, who have secured great results, by the adaptation of mechanical contrivance to the more important uses and purposes of business, were favorites of fortune by inheritance. Patronage did not come to them from hereditary influence, nor did opportunity especially encourage them. They were humble workers—comprehensive thinkers—gifted with observation, and endowed with heroic determination. They form a worthy group of self-respecting, self-relying, self-denying, self-instructed men, who, not content to remain the mere servants of other men's thoughts, successfully aspired so to embody, mechanically, the conceptions of their own minds that they would sway the affairs of the world, bringing blessings with their sway.

William Allan, the inventor of the iron plow, was a poor and obscure peasant in Scotland. Hahlfeld the most distinguished of German mechanics, was born of poor parents, and learned the trade of lace-making. The inventor of the telescope was a poor spectacle maker in Middleburg, Holland. John Holland, who received from the English Parliament about one hundred thousand dollars for a time-keeper to determine longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics. Joseph Brahma, the inventor of the hydrostatic press—a machine simple in construction, yet

which enabled a man of ordinary strength to exert a force upon a subject under pressure equal to twenty-five thousand pounds—was the son of a farmer in moderate circumstances. Having met with an accident which disabled him for agricultural pursuits, he was apprenticed to a carpenter when sixteen years of age.

Richard Hargreaves, who, in 1767, invented the spinning jenny, was a humble weaver in Lancashire, England. He was a hard worker; and his wife was reckoned such an extraordinary spinner for diligence and speed, that people called her "Spinning Jenny."

Hargreaves was one evening absent from home with some gay companions, when a wager was made that one of them could not kiss a high-spirited maid at the farther end of the kitchen, in which the company had gathered. The forward youth attempted the rash act without hesitation, upon which the girl called him an impudent moth, and, rising indignantly, overturned her spinning-wheel. It fell backward. The spindle, which before had been horizontal, the point toward the maiden's left hand, stood upright. The wheel, which had been upright, and turned by her right hand—its band turning the spindle—was now horizontal. It continued to revolve in that position, and to turn the spindle. In a moment a thought—an inspiration of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon it. The young man who was to win the wager pursued the indignant maiden out of the apartment. The company followed, urging him to the renewal of his rudeness. In their absence, James Hargreaves turned the wheel with his right hand, it still lying as it fell, and drawing the roving cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made as good a thread standing vertically as it had done horizontally. "Then why," this inspiration of thought suggested, "should not many spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a roving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb, which now take hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, draw them backward from the spindles into attenuated threads—why should not many spindles be moved, and threads be spun, by the same wheel and band which now spin only one?"

A great thought had taken possession of the humble weaver, and he must go home to dwell upon it. Against the opportunities of the company, he departed. When he reached his humble cottage, his wits were bravely stimulated by the reflection that he might secure his family from want, and in a high state of excitement he lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burned stick. He rose, and went to the fire to burn his stick. He took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair,

and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife—who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger—by a loud assurance that he had it; and, taking her in his sturdy arms, in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined in a hopeful laugh with his high-toned assurance, that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel—that he would never again “play,” and have his loom standing idle. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm-chair, by laying her spinning-wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle standing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. Then he took her in his arms, and returned her and the baby to bed, and kissed her affectionately, and once more took the baby out, and made it cry with his hard beard.

“Our fortune is made when that is made,” he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

“What will you call it?” asked his wife.

“Call it? What an we call it after thyself, Jenny! They called thee ‘Spinning Jenny,’ afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Staneshill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it ‘Spinning Jenny?’”

Hargreaves realized his anticipations. His “Spinning Jenny” hummed in the factories of England, and led the way for more comprehensive inventions.

Arkwright, who first conceived the idea of spinning cotton by machinery without the service of man, except to feed the mechanical spinner, was not a Lancashire weaver, but a Lancashire barber. Thomas Carlyle has said of him: “He was not a beautiful man—no romance hero, with haughty eyes, Apollo lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion; a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the northern parts of England, at a half-penny each. To such an end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident, and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances plying ideally within the same; rather hopeless looking, which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty! His townsfolk rose in mob round him, for threatening to shorten labor—to shorten wages—so that he had to fly, with broken wash-pots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife, too, rebelled; burned his wooden model of his spinning-wheel, resolute that he should stick to his razors rather—for which,

however, he decisively packed her out of doors. O reader! what a historical phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, pot-bellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber! French revolutions were a-brewing; to resist the same in any measure, imperial Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton.”

England acknowledged the good deed he had done, and the obscure barber became Sir Richard Arkwright. Having seen his invention accomplish a revolution in English manufactures, Arkwright died in 1792, leaving behind him a fortune estimated at two and a half million of dollars.

France is indebted for the introduction of a very important branch of manufactures to a Swiss peasant named Oberkampf. He was born in 1738. His father was a manufacturer of printed calicoes at Aaran, in Switzerland, and under him the son perfected himself in the same branch of business, and gained much valuable information. Printed calicoes and chintzes were scarcely known in France, and were sold at high prices. Oberkampf determined to found a manufactory in that kingdom, and with only six hundred francs, or a little over one hundred dollars, he set out for Paris. This money was the reward of his own industry. He was then but nineteen years of age. It was with great difficulty that he obtained permission, in 1759, to form a manufacturing establishment. Relying upon his own limited means, he at first lived alone in a peasant's house, fulfilling by turns the functions of designer, calico printer, and painter. The site chosen for his operations was in the neighborhood of Versailles, in the valley of Jouy. An extensive marsh made this spot extremely unwholesome. Labor, however, drained it and fitted it for the abode of man, and Oberkampf's residence was peopled in a surprising manner. Thousands of laborers and workmen crowded thither from all quarters. Year after year the establishment increased in wealth and importance. Oberkampf had his agents in England and Germany, in India and in Persia. No pains nor expense was spared in order to procure information relative to the secrets of his art, especially in dyeing. So great was his renown, that Louis XVI wished to ennoble him in recompense for having created an important branch of industry. Oberkampf very sensibly declined the honor. A gold medal was awarded him at the exhibition of 1806.

Napoleon, who watched with peculiar anxiety all the industrial institutions of his empire, visited the establishment of Oberkampf, and placed upon the breast of the peasant manufacturer the cross, which before had been worn only by himself. At a second visit the Emperor addressed him the following flattering language: “You as the founder of Jouy, and I as Emperor, carry on an animated war with England; you oppose them by your industry, I by arms; nevertheless, I must confess, your mode of battle is preferable to mine.”

In 1790 the council-general of the department of Oise, in consideration of Oberkampf's services, wished to erect a statue to his memory, which he declined. He also refused the dignity of senator under the empire. He died in 1816.

Watt, who constructed the first steam-engine adapted to the general purposes of business, was eminently a self-educated man. He learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He studied French, and German, and mathematics, and philosophy, and he employed them as means for the furthering of his mechanical progress. When a young man he petitioned the corporation of London to allow him to open a little shop for the sale of spectacles. He was refused. He went to Glasgow, and was again refused. He made the acquaintance of some members of the University, and, pleased with his intelligence, they permitted him to open a shop in the college. There his time was not fully occupied by the vending of optical instruments, and he did neither doze in a corner, visit drinking houses, nor seek idle company in the streets or fields. He cultivated the acquaintance of thinking men, of men of knowledge and mental force, and when he had explained the character of the improvements he had invented—which he claimed were competent to redeem the steam-engine from a rude machine, useful only in the pumping of water from coal mines, and render it of high importance to manufactures—he readily found men who had firm confidence in his capacity to accomplish what he undertook.

It is of the highest importance always that the inventor, who would engage capital for the prosecution of a new enterprise, should impress his associates, not only with his ingenuity, but with perseverance, integrity, and stability. By these qualities, judiciously cultivated, was Watt enabled so to employ physical science that he overcame the defects of his predecessors, and rendered the steam-engine an instrument of universal application; and by the same qualities was he enabled to enlist the aid necessary to apply the potent instrument in such a manner as conferred great benefits on trade and manufactures, and brought high reward for his labor.

During Napoleon's war with England, it was announced in a French journal that an Englishman had offered a large sum of money as a reward to any man who should produce a machine by which a net could be made. This announcement met the eye of a straw manufacturer named Jacquard, in the city of Lyons. He was a poor man, and quite illiterate; but the production of the desired machine did not seem to him an insurmountable task, and he determined to undertake it. After severe labor, and long-continued experiment, he overcame the difficulty, and pieces of net-work woven by his machine were exhibited to his friends. He had no means of bringing the knowledge of his invention to the Englishman who had offered a reward for it, and, being compelled to continue

his straw manufacture for a livelihood, Jacquard's knitting machine was permitted to remain idle, till, by some accident, a piece of work executed upon it was given to Napoleon, who was told that a poor man on the banks of the Rhone had solved a very great and difficult problem. Jacquard, in extreme poverty, scarcely knowing how to exist, was one day surprised by the visit of an officer, who knocked at the door. He came down stairs, and the sergeant said, "I have orders to take you to Paris." "Who has sent for me at Paris?" He was told, "You will hear that when you get there. There is a carriage waiting for you." He said, "I must send for my wife, and make preparation." But the sergeant said, "No, you must go as you are." He was taken to the palace of the Tuilleries, and instantly introduced to two persons—no less distinguished than Napoleon Bonaparte and his minister Carnot. Napoleon said, "They tell me you say you can tie a knot in a straight string—for that is the art of knitting—by a piece of machinery: I don't believe you. Now, in order to try you, I will have you locked up in an apartment, and supplied with materials upon which to work, and every thing you require to make your machine." Jacquard set to work so locked up, and constructed a machine; was covered with honor, continued to direct his attention to mechanical art, and afterward produced that machine which bears his name, and which by merely throwing the shuttle across the warp produces the most beautiful patterns. These machines effected a revolution in French manufacture; thrice the people of the city of Lyons rose upon Jacquard; twice they attempted to drown him in the Rhone. He withdrew himself from the world for many years. Opinion changed, and before he died he was the recipient of a liberal pension, not only from the city of Lyons, but from the French Government. He died upon the property which was conveyed to him, the grateful gift of the people he had honored and elevated; and when he was carried to his tomb, the city of Lyons declared that his portrait should be painted and hung in the School of Arts.

The indigent straw-maker's invention is yet, and will continue, the principle that operates in machines for the weaving of silk and muslin goods which are ornamented with figures.

Jacquard's career is instructive to the youth, who, conscious that he nourishes a great thought, is scorned and derided when he talks enthusiastically of his designs to companions less intelligent than himself. A great truth was embodied in few words by him who, to cheer the discouraged projector of a new idea, wrote this paragraph:

"Did you ever scratch the end of a piece of timber, slightly elevated, with a pin? Though scarcely heard at one end, it was distinctly heard at the other. Just so it is with any merit, excellence, or good work. It will be sooner heard of, and applauded, and rewarded on the other side of the globe than by your immediate acquaintances."

Among the most interesting lessons given in the world's business history, which illustrate and enforce the heroism of self denial and self-reliance, are those to be derived from two French potters.

In the month of May, 1539, a family moved into the village of Saintes, in France. The father—Bernard Palissy—was quite celebrated for his paintings on glass. Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family, and they lived happily. After he had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and more useful. He went to work and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, and baked it, but it was not what he meant it should be. He laid aside the painting of glass, which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do.

Every day his family grew poorer and poorer. He comforted himself by saying that to-morrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but it brought no relief to the suffering household. Many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and with streaming tears besought him to return to his trade. He resolutely refused. Twenty years passed—years of vexatious opposition, of discouraging disappointment, of severe poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed, but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered, away from home, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a madman, a fool, and a villain.

Suddenly the apprentice, who had served him patiently for many years, declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now compelled himself to attend his oven. It was in the cellar, and he anxiously groped his way down the dark staircase.

More wood was required. There was none in the little shed, none beside the cottage door. Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurls it into the fire. The flames rise high and hot, but still there is not enough. A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing in mute joy on the vase so long desired, at length obtained! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III, then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. There he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was, therefore, placed in prison, where he died in 1589.

He carried with him to his grave the secret of

his discovery; but three centuries afterward he had a worthy successor. This was Charles Avisseau, the potter of Tours. He was born in the year 1796. His father was a stone-cutter; but when occupation in the quarry could not be had, he was in the habit of seeking employment in a pottery. He often took his little son with him. The boy's curiosity was excited by the delicate workmanship of the painters in enamel, and he undertook to imitate their designs. The master of the factory, having observed his rude efforts, encouraged him by giving him employment. He gave his entire energies to his work, and labored to produce new designs. His hard study and unwearied industry won success, and success won advancement. From the humble situation he at first occupied he was promoted to the post of superintendent of a manufactory of fine porcelain. He remained, however, a poor man, and family cares imposed severe trials in his penury. One day an old enameled earthenware vase was brought to his notice. He was in a transport of astonishment. It was one of Bernard Palissy's vases. There were effects he had often sought in vain. The colors were fixed on the vase without the aid of the white glaze all potters then employed. Having been informed of Palissy's labors and his fate, Avisseau said, "I will re-discover this great secret. If he was a potter like me, why should not I become an artist like him?"

He consecrated himself to the fulfillment of this design, and devoted himself most perseveringly to the pursuit. He passed whole nights over his furnace; one experiment after another failed; his neighbors pronounced him a fool; day by day his scanty resources diminished; his wife, too gentle to complain, grew weaker while she watched his fruitless efforts, and her thin face appealed to him most pitifully; destitution threatened him also, and he at length promised that one more experiment should be his last. His materials were prepared with the utmost caution, and the ware was placed in the oven. An hour of indescribable anxiety ensued—an hour on which depended the cherished hopes of many years, and the reward of many trials and many deprivations. When the furnace was opened, and Avisseau took his vase in his trembling hands, to his unspeakable joy, the colors of his enamel had undergone no change. He had re-discovered Bernard Palissy's secret. He was not yet satisfied. He determined to further perfect his art. His labors were not less arduous than they had been. He was the victim of many a disappointment before he succeeded in composing a series of colors which were all fusible at the same temperature. He was yet anxious to introduce gold among his enamel. He was too poor to buy even the smallest piece of that precious metal, and his wife, learning his embarrassment, took from her finger her wedding-ring, saying, "God's blessing rests upon it." The potter accepted the gift with reluctance; but when he showed her a cup exquisitely ornamented with gilt enamel, and looking

proudly at him, she said, "My wedding-ring was not thrown away," he forgot the pain its sacrifice had given him.

Aviseau led for many years a life of poverty and obscurity, but in the year 1845 his genius was recognized in France; and when the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was opened in London, he sent to it a vase of immense size and of such remarkable workmanship that it was regarded one of the chief treasures of the Crystal Palace.

From the contemplation of toil and hardship, undertaken and endured under a noble ambition to promote the beautiful, we may turn to the consideration of efforts put forth against discouragement and persecution to advance society's material interests, by augmenting the facilities of travel and transportation. We have much to show in this connection when we shall draw lessons from the lives of American mechanics; but now we are confined to improvements Americans did not originate, but of which they availed themselves.

It is claimed in England that the inventor of railways was Thomas Gray, a collier of Leeds. Being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the middle-town colliery to Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a sort of railway which he constructed of wood. Upon this his cars moved along at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, to the great merriment of an unwise and indiscriminating public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary, and as the mere suggestion of laziness. Poor Gray thought otherwise. Visions of future railways, such as are now stupendous realities, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was laughed at, and declared a visionary, moon struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway for coal, the more firmly did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme, and he resolved, in spite of the ridicule, the sneers and rebuffs that were heaped upon him, to prosecute his undertaking. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interviews with all the great men of the kingdom; but all this had no effect, except to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, urged his plans, and the grand result is before the world.

As late as 1836 this poor man, whose "insanity" had incalculably benefited the business of the world, was selling glass on commission for a livelihood. The great mass of railroad projectors, agitators, directors, and stockholders, who had been munificently enriched by his invention, had never heard of him. In 1850 he was yet living, a poor man, at Exeter, England.

Now, who contributed most signally to the swift usefulness of the railway system in England by

means of mechanical skill and perseverance? He was not a rich nobleman, but a collier like him who invented the system. His usefulness is acknowledged. He is known as the Railway King, and a marble statue has been erected to his memory in the great Railway Hall of London. George Stephenson, in early life a collier, working for his daily bread in the bowels of the earth, mended watches in his leisure hours that his son might have the blessings of education. While his fame as a mechanical and civil engineer was still in its infancy, he elaborated experimentally the same results as to the safety lamp which Sir Humphrey Davy reached by the process of philosophic induction. For a brief space he was driver upon the two-and-a-half mile per hour locomotive, which then crawled along the wooden tramways by which the coals were conveyed from the pit heaps to the staths, and while there he invented what has been the life and soul of the railway system, the mechanism of the blast, the principle of which is to make the evaporation operate upon the speed, and the speed upon the evaporation. The discovery of the blast was the first step to George Stephenson's fortune. He substituted iron rails for wooden tramways, and was appointed engineer to the first railway—the Manchester and Liverpool—constructed in England, on which he achieved what had ever been considered an impossibility, the bridging over Chat Moss, allowed to be the highest achievement of railway engineering. The next railway undertaken by this great man was the London and Birmingham line, which cost about two hundred thousand dollars a mile; and while he was superintending it, he constructed every minutiae of railway management—in fact, he was the founder and the builder of the railway system.

The London Times, in alluding to the statue erected to Stephenson's memory, said, "That one who when a boy was a 'hurrier' in a coalpit should, by the force of native genius, rise to a position such as that which the statue in the hall of Euston station commemorates, may well be regarded as a proof that the days of romance are not yet over, nor the giants of an elder world without their types in modern times." Though the inventor of railways has yet no public memorial, the traveler in England may contemplate at one station the masculine form and massive, energetic features of him who first endowed the locomotive with its tremendous speed—who during his busy manhood superintended the construction of more than twenty-five hundred miles of railway—who thought out every thing connected with the first English iron highways—and who engineered lines extending in unbroken series from London to Edinburgh.

Stephenson does not occupy a solitary niche.

James Brindley, an English engineer, who, previous to 1755, had distinguished himself as an ingenious mechanic, when seventeen years of age could scarcely read or write his name. He was then apprenticed to an indifferent millwright. He

was entirely self-instructed in even the rudiments of mechanical science. He successfully engineered in 1760 the first important canal that was cut in England. The first canal aqueduct known in England was constructed by him across a stream at Manchester. Rannequin, a celebrated French engineer, was originally a carpenter. He acquired extensive knowledge of mechanics by hard study alone in his workshop. The greatest of Italian engineers—Zabaglia—was also a carpenter, and in his youth uneducated. He was the author of many useful contrivances, remarkable for their ingenuity.

John Smeaton, who built Eddystone light-house on the coast of England, the most remarkable work of the character ever erected, at the age of eighteen had acquired, by indefatigable industry, an extensive set of tools, and the art of working in most mechanical trades without the aid of a master. He began his career in the world as a mathematical instrument maker. William Edwards, who in 1755 finished the building of a bridge over the river Taff, in Wales, in which was then the largest stone arch in the world, was the son of a poor farmer, who died when the boy was two years old. When he had grown strong enough to labor regularly, Edwards assisted in the support of his mother by repairing stone fences. He did his work so well that he was employed to erect a house, and finally conferred honor on his country by completing the grandest specimen of bridge masonry then known.

The materials collected for this "Picture" are not all employed; but already more space than was allotted it has been occupied. Enough examples of great usefulness, extending from humble stations, have been given to convince every young mechanic that poverty and obscurity have not been insuperable obstacles, either to the conception or the accomplishment of stupendous designs. When we draw lessons from the careers of eminent American mechanics, it will be shown that no serious impediments, but lack of ingenuity and industry, lie more in the way of him who would associate his memory with mechanical triumphs.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

WE do not wonder that the leaves, and trees, and boughs have ever been the materials whereof poets have manufactured comparison and imagery. One of the most beautiful we ever remember to have seen was by Dr. Cheever: "That tree, full-leaved, and swelling up into the calm, blue summer air! Not a breath is stirring, and yet how it waves and rocks in the sunshine! Its shadows are hung lavishly around it; birds sit and sing in its branches, and children seek refuge beneath them. Human affections are the leaves, the foliage, of our being—they catch every breath, and in the heat of the day they make music in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!"

AN HOUR IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

It was one of those sweet, mournful autumn days, when, we scarce know why, a shade of sadness seems resting over every object, when even the passing breeze seems to whisper of departed loved ones, and when the sunbeams come struggling down through the heavy clouds, like the light of a smile through tear-bedewed eyelids. On a gentle eminence, overlooking a beautiful valley, was the church-yard; and thither we were wending our way—a trio of sisters, with our gray-haired father.

The church stood solitarily behind a cluster of trees—a mournful place—sacred to the dead; and here, year after year, we had gathered "to weep with those who wept," as they brought the aged patriarch, or him who had fallen in the prime of manhood, or, perchance, the blooming youth or maiden, and laid them down to their long last sleep in the church-yard beyond.

Let me die in the country. In the gay, crowded city there is so much of life that the dead are soon forgotten. Let me die in the country, where, fresh as the green sod over the forms of the lost ones, is their memory kept in the hearts of those who are left to weep.

We had now reached the entrance of the church-yard, and paused a moment to gaze upon the beautiful landscape spread out before us. The valley lay in its quiet beauty beneath us, with its forest-crowned hills on either side; its white cottages, embowered in shrubbery, clustering in groups, or scattered here and there throughout the valley. The beautiful river, winding on at its own wayward will, seemed to search out every green, quiet nook, and to add to its beauty the sparkle of its own pure waters. The distant hills looked down in gloomy grandeur upon all this loveliness, and over all the dreamy, melancholy light threw an air almost of enchantment. Amid such scenery the "city of the dead" seemed a sweet, quiet resting-place.

Memory was busy as we entered the sacred inclosure—yes, heart-breaking memories came crowding upon us as we passed on, and stood beside a grave, the white marble bearing the simple inscription, "He sleeps in Jesus." Those who have their heart's idol laid away in such a resting-place can tell why this low mound, crowned with myrtle and roses, seemed so sacredly dear. A loved—O, how fondly loved!—brother, the first link broken from the home circle, slept here. Beneath the green grass and bright flowers of spring-time they laid him down to rest; yet no bitterness is mingled with the tears we shed over his grave. We know "he sleeps in Jesus;" and the gray-haired father who mourns the early dead and the angel of the lost one shall rejoice together by and by.

Turn which way we will familiar names meet our eye. Let us look about this insatiable burial-place, which for more than half a century has opened

its bosom to receive the dwellers from the beautiful valley below, and which will ere long clasp our own forms in its cold embrace. Here sleeps one who left the endearments of home in search of wealth. His pursuit was successful; yet health was gone, and amid the sunny vales of France and Italy he vainly sought the lost treasure. He came home to die. All the hoarded wealth in his coffers seemed of little value now. The "pearl of price" he had never sought. He sleeps by the side of a meek, gentle sister, who, like Mary, sat at the feet of Jesus. The memory of her holy life and happy death will not soon pass away. The value of "treasures on earth" or "treasures in heaven" is now being tested.

Here are many weather-stained monuments which stand above the graves of the noble pioneers, who, bringing with them the glorious Gospel, made their homes in this then trackless wilderness. The faithless stone has long ago ceased to speak of their virtues; yet their record is on high.

Here again are the fairer monuments of those who have mingled with us in the joyous scenes of life's beautiful spring-time. Many a form of glorious beauty sleeps beneath these grassy mounds; and of some who are sleeping here the history sounds sad, and mournful, and strange, as the dream of romance.

At the entrance stand two monuments which we may not lightly pass by. Who can tell how many of the Lord's redeemed ones who are sleeping within this sacred inclosure were led into the way of life by these holy men of God, who seem even now to be guarding the last resting-place of those whom they delighted to lead "in the green pastures and beside the still waters of the river of Life?" Well do we remember them—the pioneers of Methodism in Chenango, N. Y. They were, indeed, "sons of thunder," when their souls were roused in view of the insulted majesty of Jehovah. And then, when they would speak of the sufferings of Jesus, tears would fall over their withered cheeks, as in tones of earnest entreaty they besought the deathless souls about them to come to him and live. Later in life, when they found no more strength to till the "vineyard of the Lord," they sat down beneath its pleasant shade, and partook of the fruit of those vines which they had watered and nurtured with unwearied care. Within the altar of the old church they might every Sabbath be seen, their white locks falling over their shoulders—their placid, venerable countenances strongly reminding one of the portraits of the great and good Wesley, the father of Methodism. Holy and useful in their lives, in death they were not divided. *In death?* cold and cheerless seems the sound applied to those who *live* in our hearts, whose spirits seem to pervade the entire valley, whose memory is as a household word, and whose influence, powerful as it is, is but just commenced; the cycles of eternity alone shall develop it. The inscriptions upon their tombstones are those cheer-

ing promises: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

As we left this hallowed spot, and turned to cast one lingering look upon the narrow dwellings of the holy dead, faith caught a view of the white-robed angels rejoicing before the throne; and the word came home to our hearts, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MUSIC.

BY ELLA ENFIELD.

THERE'S a soothing sound in the murmuring brook,
As it softly glides through this little nook;
For its gushing sounds sweet music impart
To the sorrowing one and the weary of heart.

There is melody in the passing breeze,
As it waves the tops of the forest-trees;
It has winged its way from the "setting sun,"
And 'tis passing now to its mystic home.

We are glad when we hear its rustling wings,
For music sweet to the heart it brings;
It whispers of peace to the troubled breast,
And a brighter world, where the weary rest.

From the spring birds, too, rich music we hear;
Their oft-varied notes fall sweet on the ear;
From the morning's dawn to the closing day
They warble forth praises in tuneful lay.

Where the gathering cloud, in the western sky,
Proclaimeth the storm that is drawing nigh,
How we love to watch its fast-changing form,
And list to the roar of the coming storm!
There is music grand in the thunder's roll;
For it speaks of God—it speaks to the soul—
It bids us in reverence bow down and adore
The One who thus maketh the deep thunders roar.

There is music where the cataract falls,
Far surpassing that of orchestral halls:
How sublimely grand is its deep'ning sound
As majestic it rises and echoes around!

There is music sad in the wintry blast,
And in wailing notes it hurrieth past,
As it sighs amidst the desolate trees,
Or wildly sports with the withered leaves.

There is music, too, in the boundless deep,
Where the breezes play and rude tempests sweep—
O, yes, there is music, deep, wild, and free,
In the unknown depths of the mighty sea!

Thus through nature fair sweet music is heard—
In each rill, and breeze, and caroling bird—
In the wind and cataract bounding free—
In the storm sublime and the restless sea.

JANE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CARY.

In some other stories I have mentioned Peter, who lived with us, and drove the horses, and cut the wood, and tended the garden, and did many other things which I need not mention. I can scarcely remember when he came to live with us, it is so long ago, nor do I know the number of years that he remained; but I know I used to get vexed with him sometimes, and think any body were better than he. But it is not of him that I have much to say, except as his memory is connected with the visit I am about to tell you of.

I was not a little girl any longer, so I have not that excuse for my foolish conduct—no, I was quite grown into womanhood, and had ceased to make Peter a confidant of my affairs. One nice May morning I said to him, "I want you to put the horse in the carriage, I am going to spend the day at my grandfather's."

I did not tell him, as I should have done, that cousin Sally was going with me, and would drive the horse. I don't remember that I thought any thing about it; but I should have thought. Sally was punctual, for her ankle was well long years ago, and seeing the carriage at the door we made no further delay; and Sally had gathered up the reins to set forward, when Peter, in his Sunday coat and trowsers, made his appearance, and seeing our intention looked sadly disappointed.

Sally laughed heartily, called him a great dunce, and asked him if he was simple enough to think he was going.

"And how could a feller know when no body told him?" said Peter, and turning into the carriage-house he seated himself on a bag of oats, and with one arm around the neck of Ajax, the dog, who sat half erect beside him, and with the other hand before his eyes, I saw him as I looked back.

Poor Peter, he felt as if he had no friend but Ajax just then, I dare say, and I could not join Sally in her merry laugh. A lovely May morning, I said it was; a light shower the previous night had laid the dust, and the grass was fetlock deep in the meadows by the roadside, the rosebushes in the door-yards were full of buds that were breaking into flowers, hens were leading their droves of chickens about in search of food, and the farmers and their wives and boys were all busy. The blue smoke of the neighboring chimneys met each other and drifted away together, and the crows, those solemn birds, perched here and there on the dry stubs, called almost merrily, as it seemed.

The May breeze, sweet with apple-blossoms, blew over us and soon dispelled the thought of the disappointed Peter at home. The windows of the school-house were open, and many bright eyes that we did not know peered out to see us; for children

that were babies when we went to school, were in the first class now.

The pretty wood opposite seemed not to have lost a tree, the "teelers" lay across the logs just as we had left them, the narrow run shone along the hollow, and the maples were fast losing their yellowish green blossoms and coming into leaf; the oaks were yet all dully crimsoned with the new foliage, and the gray shelving trunks of the hickory, and the rough black ones of the walnuts, were the landmarks of old play-grounds.

We turned into the cross-road leading toward Dr. Bigstaff's, and were soon over the big hill where the honey locust grew, past a meadow and a corn-field or two, and turning from this into a narrow and hilly road going into the woods where the crazy old man still lived in his hut, the seeing of which brought back painful memories of Archibald Winterby.

Up one hill and down another, and over log bridges and through pools of water, with the giant trees on each side of us, we went on and on, gradually ascending more and more in spite of the down hills, till we came to a high, level clearing, from which we could see the country for miles around. A most beautiful view. We reined in the horse to look—colleges, meeting-houses, farm-houses, and barns, and orchards, and meadows, and hills, and streams, the steeples of the city, and the blue bed of the river—we could see them all. My grandfather's house was the nearest of all, yet we could not see it, so near and so steep was the hill at the foot of which it stood.

Very slowly and carefully we descended down, and down, and down, and came safe to the bars, for my grandfather was an old-fashioned man, and had never a gate on his farm. He came out to meet us and took charge of the horse himself; for though seventy years old he liked to do all he could, and used often to say that he would be as smart as ever if it were not that he was lame, and deaf, and blind.

His house was a small one, which he had built himself after a fashion of his own, and in it he lived alone for the most part, but just now there lived with him a little girl of the name of Jane.

She was not more than twelve years old, but had had to work ever since she was six years old, and knew how to cook, and to wash, and sweep, and, in fact, to keep all the house very well. During the day she did the work pretty much in her own way, and at night she slept in the house of my grandfather's tenant, who lived in a cabin across the orchard.

A shrewd, saucy, bright-eyed girl she was, and yet addicted to that bad habit, story-telling. My grandfather was not particular about his house-keeping; he had been used to a rough soldier's life, and if he had bread and meat, and some sort of a bed on which to lie, he cared little for any thing more.

Jane could not have had a better place if she had

known how to prize it and to simply do her duty; but she spoke the truth only when it happened, and did right by chance; and the day of our visit chancing to do a greater wrong than common, she was detected and lost her place. I am afraid she never found another so good. The mischief was this:

She was standing by when my grandfather showed us some Revolutionary relics—among them the musket he had used in the war.

Opening a drawer to show us a handkerchief that had been given to him as a keepsake when he first set out to join the army, I noticed some money in gold and silver lying loosely, and Jane, I suppose, noticed it, too.

We had not been there long when this occurred, and though it was early in the day, Jane appeared shortly afterward with her sun bonnet on, and telling grandfather that all the work was done for the day, asked leave to go to Mrs. Smith's, a mile away. Mrs. Smith, she said, owed her some money, and she wanted to buy a new dress at the grocery-store, and would be back in time to get our dinner for us.

"Yes, yes, child," said grandfather; "but you won't get the money. Mrs. Smith has owed me for a cow these two years, and I can't get a cent of her."

Jane said she would get it, she was sure, and would bring back the new dress, and so tripped away in high glee.

As the shadows slanted round more and more and noon grew near, grandfather moved his chair to the window and watched for Jane.

He did not see her, and taking his cane walked to the roadside and looked earnestly the way she should come. There was a vexed and disappointed look in his face when he came back, and shortly after he put the potatoes in the oven to roast and the eggs to boil himself, saying he was ashamed to starve his visitors any longer.

Sally, who was a notable housekeeper, lent her help, and I, too, and the table was soon spread with milk, and potatoes, and eggs, and ham, and grandfather's good humor so much restored that he did not scold Jane, who came just as we were sitting down to dinner. Contrary to our expectations she had brought the new dress, and was delighted when we told her we would show her how to make it; but when grandfather took the goods in his hands and rubbed the cloth between his thumb and finger, telling her it was a stout piece and pretty, too, and that she had made a good bargain, she held down her head,

"And seemed more sorrowful than pleased.

Seeing this he patted her cheek and told her the young girl who gave him the handkerchief had hair the color of hers, and that if she would only be half as good, he should think he had the best housekeeper in the world.

Hearing this Jane pulled the hair quite over her

eyes, but we could see tears starting thick and fast for all that.

"Why, Jane, I shall not praise you any more," said grandfather, seeing that she cried.

"No grandpappy, you will never praise me any more," she replied; and going out of the room she cried bitterly. Sally and I tried to pacify her, and told her we would make her dress for her; but though she consented she said she didn't care whether it was ever made or not, and she wished she had not got it. All this we could not understand at the time, though we afterward did.

Busily all the afternoon we worked on the dress, and by sunset it was completed. It was not much work to make a country girl a frock in those times.

Jane could not be persuaded to try on the dress when it was finished, but hung it away without so much as looking at it at all.

Very busy she kept about the house all day—grandfather said he had never known her to be so industrious before. Pies and bread she baked, and washed the floors off, and gathered in all the eggs, and mended grandfather's shirts and stockings, and arranged all things as if she was about to take a journey.

Toward sunset the wind blew up the clouds and the rain set in. We must not go home, grandfather said; it would be a stormy night. He was right; I have never seen more terrible thunder and lightning. I could not sleep for the glare and the crash. About midnight I heard Jane get up and move cautiously about. I asked what she was doing, as I saw her leaving the room, and she said going below to see that the windows were closed.

In the morning she was no where to be found, nor any article of her dress, except the new one, which was found in the drawer where grandfather kept his money; but some of the money was gone, and it was soon discovered that she had stolen the price of the dress. What became of her I can not say, for she was never heard of at all. Probably she went from bad to worse.

If my little readers are ever tempted to take any thing that does not belong to them, however trifling, let them remember Jane and her dress, and how she suffered for the theft, and left the dress in the place of the money, and went alone into the night and the storm away from the good friend whom she had wronged. Let them remember and resist temptation.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

BEWARE of evil thoughts. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds bring up the rear. Strive against them. Watch and pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy.

"Bad thought is a thief: he acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in."

INFELICITIES OF THE INTELLECTUAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY."

THE frailties and foibles of those intellectually endowed beyond the average present a prolific theme, and one of peculiar interest. The sorrows and sufferings of the great give to the story of their life its chivalry and romance; and when such accidents occur to illustrate the record of the good as well as great, there is something of the divine peering through the vale of humanity. Good old Bishop Hall once said there was nothing worth coveting in this world except a Christian. The devotees of science and song are, however, it is to be regretted, for the most part not eminently pious; the altars of the Muse has been profaned; and a Milton or a Newton loom up over the darkness of mythological fable with cheering celestial light. The mishaps of authorship in some instances are traceable to physical causes, superinduced by their peculiar habits and pursuits; and in others, not unfrequently to the neglect which their seclusion and overwrought sensibilities provoked from their cotemporaries. All the devotees of the pen are more or less the victims of nervous debility, caused by their habits of excessive mental effort. Thus, to overtask the powers of the intellect, it is reasonable to expect, will as naturally tend to enervate them as we find the like exertion of the bodily functions resulting in lassitude and fatigue. Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself on this equivocal state between actual health and disease: "I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured." Yet this powerful writer was never so great as when he was in this gloomy state; he then exhibited most of the vast opulence and gigantic energy of his intellect, as well as his delicate analysis of the secret sensibilities of the heart, as portions of his correspondence sufficiently evince. This feeling of physical languor and ennui made the author of the *Castle of Indolence* so indolent himself that he was reluctant to rise from his bed; and when once remonstrated with against the practice by a friend, replied, "Troth, mon, I see nae motive for rising." He was so excessively lazy that he once was seen to be eating fruit from a peach-tree, as it grew, standing with both hands in his pockets. It would be uncharitable, however, to suppose Thomson a fit denizen for the *Apragapolis* of old—"a city built for those void of business."

Some of the habits and methods of study exhibit curious traits of character. The historian Mezerai studied by candlelight; and so accustomed was he to this use, that even at noonday, and in the summer, too, as if neither the heat nor the light of the burning sun were available for him, he is reported generally to have waited upon his company to the very door with a candle in his hand. When the famous Brindley encountered any extraordinary difficulty in the execution of his mechan-

ical labors, he usually retired to his bed, where he has been known to be enconsoled one, two, and even three whole days, till he had acquired *strength* to surmount it, when he would get up and finish his design. This practice contravenes Dr. Whittaker's advice to Mr. Boyce, which ran as follows: "First, to study always standing; second, never to study in a window; and third, never to go to bed with his feet cold." Pope, beside being an epicure, would sometimes lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for whole days together.

It must be obvious that indolent ease is as bad in its effects on the health as over-working. Lord Bacon is a case in point, with others, including the three divines, Hervey, Toplady, and Dr. Owen, the last of whom once exclaimed that he would gladly barter all his learning obtained in bed for his lost health. Euripides studied in a dark cave; Demosthenes at night, and apart from the habitations of men; and the monks of the monastic times in the hidden cloisters and ascetic cells. But we do not see that a neatly-fitted and convenient library or study offers less immunities to the votaries of science or the muses than those abodes referred to.

Among the pains and penalties of authorship, the critical censorship of the press has had its share. Cumberland once said, "Authors should be shelled like the rhinoceros;" but it would be hard, says one, were the linnæ or the nightingale to cease from warbling because they can not sing in a storm. Severe and unmerited criticism has been but too frequently the bane of literature, although, as in the instance of Byron, it has ultimately tended to elicit the nobler development of talent, which otherwise might never have been brought into action. Some writers have been driven mad, and others have actually died of criticism. Hawkesworth was a case of the latter, and Tasso the former. Voltaire called these "dreaded ministers of literary justice" *la canaille de la littérature*, but he, like Pope, suffered retribution at their hands; and no less remarkable is the fact of the erroneous criticism of some of the learned respecting the productions of other writers. One memorable case might be named here, which went beyond mere criticism: we refer to that of Count Mazarin, who kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes. And there have been, also, more instances than one of unfortunate writers of state libels being compelled to recant them in the most emphatic manner—by eating literally their own words. One occurred at Moscow, where the poor advocate of the liberties of the people paid this most unmerciful penalty of his patriotism. A scaffold being erected in a conspicuous part of the city, with a surgeon on one side and the knout on the other, our hapless author was compelled to swallow his book, leaf by leaf, neatly rolled up like a lottery ticket, taking what the surgical attendant deemed a suitable quantum at a time for a digestible meal, during three whole days, in which he accomplished the humiliating task, to

the singular entertainment of the populace he had sought to serve. He, at any rate, could subscribe to the sentiment that a great book is a great bore.

An amusing anecdote is related of a certain French writer, who, failing to please the critics of his day by his avowed productions, afterward resorted to the expedient of publishing three volumes of poetry and essays as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded; all France was in amazement, and the poems of this child of nature, this untutored genius, this inspired son of Vulcan, as he was now called, were immediately and enthusiastically praised, even by the very critics who before repudiated the effusions of the same pen. Byron was condemned, among other crimes, for not having dated his first poems from the purlieus of Grub-street; and Keats was barbarously attacked in a similar manner, by no less a critic than Gifford—a circumstance to which has been remotely ascribed the premature decease of that gifted poet; for, on reading the article in question, his feelings became so excited that he burst a blood-vessel, which induced consumption, of which he died at the age of twenty-four. Moore relates that such also was the effect of the savage attack upon Byron, that a friend, who happened to call on him shortly after he had read it, inquired whether he had received a challenge, such fierce defiance was depicted in his countenance. It was about the same time that the opposite critical organ commenced a paper on Wordsworth's "*Excursion*" with the derisive words, "This will never do; we give him up as altogether incurable, and beyond the power of criticism." The sweet sonneteer of Windermere has fortunately outlived the ignorant intolerance of this sapient censor, as he now occupies the highest honors of the temple of fame. Poor Kirke White was another sad instance of literary assassination. When only seventeen he published his volume of poems, in hopes by its sale of procuring sufficient money to enable him to go to college; but he was doomed to the merciless cruelties of an attack in the *Monthly Review*. How grievously the unjust criticism tortured his sensitive mind may be gathered from his own words: "This Review," he says, "goes before me wherever I turn my steps, and is, I verily believe, an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction." Southey kindly consoled and encouraged him to persevere; but wasting disease soon hurried the young poet away, and it was Southey's friendly hand that first gathered his scattered and despised works, and gave them to the world.

The philosophic Newton was far from being invulnerable to the shafts of his critical opponents; for even Whiston, the friend of twenty years, forfeited his favor for all time by a single contradiction; for "no man," says he, "was of a more fearful temper." Whiston further declares that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's *Chronology* in his lifetime, as he firmly believed it would have killed

him; and it was the expressed opinion of Dr. Bentley, that Locke's thorough refutation of the Bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity actually hastened his end.

Our sympathies become the more deeply enlisted for the penalties of authorship, when we remember the pains with which the productions of genius have been accompanied; and these are not likely to be overrated by the many. Numerous instances are upon record, proving that the emanations of mind have been attended with severe and laborious industry; and we may as well cite a few, perhaps, here.

So scrupulously fastidious was Pope as to nicety of expression, that it is known he seldom committed to the press any thing till it had passed under his repeated inspection and revision, sometimes keeping it by him even a year or more for the purpose, and his publisher, Dodsley, on one occasion deemed it easier to reprint the whole of his corrected proofs than attempt the needed emendations. Thomson, Akenside, Gray, and Cowper were equally devoted to their elaboration of a line; and Goldsmith gave seven long years to the perfection of his inimitable production, the *Deserted Village*—producing, on the average, something like three or four lines per diem, which he thought a good day's work. Home and Robertson were incessantly laboring over their language; the latter used even to write his sentences on small slips of paper, and, after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which afterward was again subjected to a final revision.

Many an immortal work that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life. Even the most jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of Gilpin was written in a state of despondency that bordered upon madness. "I wonder," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellect, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." Our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay and vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history nothing remains but the record of his miseries, and Swift was seldom known to smile. Lord Byron, who was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods. Hood, the great punster, is another case in point. In fact, an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of his heart.

THE vainglory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless laborer, a perpetual fear, a dangerous humor; her beginning is without Providence, and her end not without repentance.

THE CROCODILE; OR, HOW TO ANNIHILATE EVIL.

IN ancient times a multitude of people wandered from their habitations and came to the country through which the river Nile directs its course. They rejoiced over the beautiful stream and its lovely water, and erected dwellings on the shore. But in a short time that dreadful monster, the crocodile, came out of the river and wounded man and beast.

Then the people prayed to their god, Osiris, and begged him to deliver them from this enemy. But Osiris answered by the mouth of his wise priest, and said, Is it not enough that the divinity has given you strength and understanding? Whoever asks for aid when he can help himself, supplicates in vain.

Now they took up swords and clubs and attacked the enemy in his grassy retreat. They erected dams and places of defense, and in a few days accomplished a work of which they had thought themselves incapable. Thus they became conscious of a strength which, in a subsequent age, laid the foundations of lofty columns and noble pyramids; and they discovered many arts and instruments which were previously unknown to them.

For a struggle with the mighty awakens and improves the lumbering strength of man.

But yet the inhabitants of the Nile were in want of instruments to complete their triumph over their mailed enemy, as long as they remained in the river. They could drive them back in a short time whenever they were bold enough to approach the land, and with this they were satisfied.

By degrees, however, they lost their zeal for resistance. The animals became larger, and increased in number. Their rage was fearful. Then this foolish and slumbering people resolved to worship the crocodile as a god.

They brought him voluntarily rich offerings, and the enemy became more powerful than ever; but the people sunk into stupid inactivity.

For slavery and mental bondage makes man base and cowardly.

At length the overstrained bow breaks asunder, and vengeance reaches the tyrant. Osiris interfered, and summoned them, by the mouth of the wise priest, to a new contest. The struggle began, and the river was red with the blood of the slain.

Already the combatants began to be weary, when the priest and the afflicted people cried to Osiris for aid, and the divinity listened to the supplication. A small animal, called the ichneumon, stood on the shore of the Nile. Behold! cried the priest, here is help from Osiris. How! do you mock us? exclaimed the whole multitude of the people.

Then the priest answered and said, Wait for the event and trust in a higher power. He can end the greatest troubles by the simplest means.

The number of the enemy soon began to diminish. The people regarded the small animal with wonder. In silent activity it sought the eggs and the brood of the crocodile. It destroyed, in a mo-

ment, hundreds before they were hatched, and delivered the land of its plague; a deliverance which so many heads and hands could not accomplish.

Behold! said the wise priest, if you wish to annihilate an evil, begin at the bud and the root. Then the smallest means will effect that which at a later period man can not accomplish.—*German Parables.*

TO THE RISING SUN.

BY R. B. CLARK.

WELCOME to thee, bright, rising sun,
Thou hast again thy course begun;
'Twas heav'nly mandates bade thee rise
Triumphant in the azure skies.
How beautiful thy dawning scene!
How dear, how joyous and serene!
O'er hills and valleys sweetly play
Thy sunbeams ling'ring on their way.
Fair Nature, like a sportive child,
No more by somber shades beguiled,
Rejoicing, sings a lovely strain
To welcome thy return again,
The warblers of the wood and grove
Resume, once more, their songs of love,
When first they see thy bright'ning ray
Lead in the dawning of the day.
Too at thy smile the honey bee
Hastes swiftly o'er the rural lea,
And flowers folded bloom anew,
Rejoicing 'neath thy shining view.
O joy my heart, bright rising sun,
Make glad the earth, unwearied one;
Shine forth, triumphing in the sky,
And raise thy gorgeous glory high!
Like thee, with more resplendent glow,
Has rose upon this world of woe
The holy Sun of righteousness,
Whose beams are love, whose glow is bliss.
Temptations fell, and clouds of gloom,
The darkness pending o'er the tomb,
The horrid shades of sin and death
Dispersing, fly His rays beneath.

THE MUSICIAN'S DEATH.

BY ALICE CARY.

SINGING of old, sad melodies,
He lay through all the night;
But when the morning's golden eyes
Had made his chamber bright,
And larks along the heavens so blue
Began their way to wing,
His mortal song was joined unto
The one the angels sing.

PAPERS ON POETRY.

BY SILAS H. WRIGHT.

PAPER FIRST.

I propose to offer a few remarks upon the rise and progress of poetry; also briefly to notice the influences which have operated to engender and encourage the poetic sentiment. How, from small beginnings, crude essays, and weak conceptions, has arisen a species of composition which is more generally read and better appreciated than slow, sluggish, and *inert* prose!

The true poet wields a powerful weapon; for his advantage and elevation all nature is laid under contribution. He whispers an incantation, and legions of spirits come to his aid. He waves his magic wand, and all opposition is lulled into compliance. Does he frown, gloom and despair envelop all things. Does he smile, the very skies become suddenly bright.

The spirit of poetry is a universal spirit, confined to no country and limited to no age. Its revelations have crowned the tops of Horeb and Sinai, "standing together in immortal brotherhood." The harp of King David was sweeter than the warblings of Siloa's brook, as it "flowed fast by the oracle of God," and the metaphorical songs of Solomon as musical as a "garden of fountains and streams from Lebanon," as delightful as the "rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." Isaiah, whose "halloved lips were touched with fire," was inspired by no ordinary muse; and his deep, strong numbers are as undying as the truths he taught, and as wonderful as the *fiats* he foretold. The expostulations of Jeremiah and the lamentations of Job are all embalmed in elegant poetic diction.

After the Hebraic, in order of time, comes Greek poetry, which, besides many other variations, differs from the former in construction and sentiment.

The Greek language was peculiarly adapted to the embellishments of poetry, and the subtlest ideas found expression in that tongue. Indeed, the era of verse dates from the establishment of that language. Like most other languages it had numerous dialects, all of which may, however, be referred to the two principal ones, the Doric and Ionic. The Doric became widely disseminated through the interior of Greece, and prevailed, to some extent, in Sicily and the southern portion of Italy. The Ionic tribe originally inhabited Attica, and sent out colonies to the adjacent islands and to Asia Minor. This dialect was smoother, on account of its many vowels; hence, in time it swallowed up all the others and became the favorite vehicle of poetry. Homer, Hesiod, and Theognis wrote in this dialect. Another cause contributed much to the universality of the Ionic language. Athens, at an early period, exerted a sovereignty over the cities of Greece. To her they paid the highest consideration. Her streets were thronged with strangers; and young

men of the neighboring states were sent there to receive their education. There the greatest masters taught, and eloquence, philosophy, and poetry flourished.

We have been taught that whatever is useful to mankind, arrives at perfection only through a long series of years, and by a careful and proper cultivation. The knowledge which previous generations had acquired is added to later discoveries and improvements, and thus a science or an art, from a rude initial and a weak inception, attains the dignity and consistency of acknowledged truth and usefulness. Such, however, seems not to have been the case with Grecian poetry. It arose from infancy to manhood as if by magic; there were no intermediate stages of puerility and adolescence. Its voice was as rich and sonorous when Linus, Orpheus, Musæus, and Melampus sung as when Anacreon, and Pindar, and Sappho chanted their inimitable verses.

Poetry was with the Greeks a passion; and he who excelled in it was contemplated with something of that awe and respect paid to the gods; indeed, a part of the offerings which were heaped upon the shrine at Delphi was appropriated to favorite bards. With the Greeks poetry became a profession as well as a pastime; verses were rehearsed around the family hearth, murmured amid their religious exercises, and declaimed before the assembled multitudes at the games and entertainments. Is it any wonder, then, that an art so universally esteemed, so highly cultivated, so interwoven with their solemn customs and religious observances should so outstrip the pace of ordinary progress, and early arrive at a high pitch of perfection?

As the art of writing was unknown in ancient Greece, poets were in the habit of frequent convocations, at which they rehearsed to each other their latest productions. In this way were the works of the earlier poets preserved from oblivion, and transmitted to far succeeding ages. By this course the memory was sharpened and improved, and all expletives rejected as embarrassments unworthy of retention. Whatever was beautiful in expression, elegant in diction, or grand in conception was committed to memory, and formed an integral part of the previously amassed learning. Thus was the standard of taste exalted, the sentiments modified and corrected, and redundancies pruned and elided, so that a degree of excellence was attained which has survived the builders of pyramids, the founders of empires, and which will stand unrivaled till the last period of time becomes extinct.

Various kinds of verse were invented and improved by the ingenuity and industry of the Greek masters. The Heroic, the Iambic, the Lyric, and the Elegiac had their admirers, and each received a polishing and perpetuating touch. Archilocus, of the island of Paros, dealt in "fierce Iambics," and made odious by his satire every person and every thing against whom he directed it. Terpander

wrote in the same *measure*, though in a different *mood*, and contributed much to its celebrity. His morality, virtue, and integrity shone with peculiar luster in those days of moral shame and degradation, judging, as we may, from the few fragments of his writings which have come down to us.

Then in immediate succession came the nine lyric poets whose fame is coextensive with intelligence, and whose merits were not to be encompassed and restrained by even "the waste of waters or the high heaven." Among the most worthy are Aleman, Stesichorus, Sappho, Simonides, Pindar, and Anacreon; while it is a fact worthy of remark, that of the nine, all, save Aleman and Pindar, were born on the Asiatic coast, or in the islands of the *Ægean*. The delightful climate, the pure sea-breezes, the extensive and diversified prospects of these localities were well calculated to inspire that poetic ardor which manifested itself in the gushing melody of song. The gay and dissolute Sappho wrote many chaste and inimitable lyrics. Her beauty and fertile imagination stand a recorded wonder of antiquity. She invented the Sapphic measure, which is very musical and delicately rhythmical. Her mind had all the originality and power of the male, while she combined in her person all the effeminate tenderness and captivating graces of her sex. Upon the productions of Aleman, Quintilian lavishes many encomiums, and even Horace takes up the trumpet of praise in his behalf. It is said of the verses of Anacreon, that they smell of wine. He was unfortunate in love, and like many of the disappointed swains of modern days, he tried to drown his grief in the bowl. When his imagination became aroused, and his sleeping energies excited, his thoughts run as freely and lucidly as the juice of the grape from his decanter. Pindar, in addition to his equestrian verses, wrote the famous hymns to Jupiter, the *pæans* to Apollo, and the dithyrambs to Bacchus, which gained for him an envious immortality. But these, with his *Parthenia*, are lost in the great gulf of time. Of them we know nothing, except what is afforded by the faint light of cotemporaneous poets and critics. It were a pity that time spares not the beautiful and the good; they perish alike with the unsightly and the impure.

In the earlier stages of society, odes and the simpler styles of composition prevail; as society becomes more compact, customs more settled and uniform, and habits of thought more confirmed, the more playful and sportive styles are exchanged for those more solemn and imposing.

Tragedy flourishes, and systematic plots, grave sentences, and the delineation of the public exigencies, public measures, and public men take the place of mere effusions of fancy. Hence, in the latter ages of Athenian literature, we are introduced to such writers as *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and the caustic, comic *Aristophanes*. Their minds were imbued with the fire of poetry. Their language is as forcible as it is felicitous, their images

are well chosen, and graciously scattered along the highway of their pages. Of the true tragic writers *Sophocles* perhaps holds the first place. He contended successfully with *Æschylus*, who was thirty years his senior, and carried off the prize notwithstanding the prejudices of an admiring auditory, and the matured and well-established reputation of his opponent. He was a brave defender of his country, and often engaged in her contests, though he loved better the cool sequestered vale of life than the pomp and circumstance of the battlefield. The ravages entailed upon him by the *Peloponnesian* war saddened his mind, darkened his imagination, and palsied his nerves. The unfilial conduct of his children aggravated his misfortunes and strengthened his maladies. By preferring against him the charge of idiocy and imbecility, they attempted to wrench from his hands his estates. The only defense he made before the judges was the rehearsal of his *Œdipus at Colonus*, which proved a signal refutation of the charge. It was, indeed, a production which stood second only to his *Antigone*, and which is now read and admired by the classical scholar every-where.

The personal character of *Sophocles*, without rising into spotless purity, was nevertheless honorable, calm, and amiable. In youth his passions were turbulent, and they were tempered and allayed only by the blunting effects of time. He was accustomed to say, "I thank old age for delivering me from the tyranny of my appetites." His *Electra*—and the dying *Hercules*—are full of that which forms the essence and heart-strings of poetry. Of *Euripides* we shall only adventure to say that he is superior to *Sophocles*, on account of his deeper morality and his higher regard for virtue; and this is a superiority of which, had we time to speak, too much could scarcely be said.

ICE-DROPS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

See the mimic blossoms hanging
Thick on every bud and spray!
When the sun shines out a moment,
They will melt and drop away.

Hark! the wind is breathing gently
Through the ice-incrusted trees;
And a sweet, enchanting music
Floateth on the morning breeze.

Thus along life's frozen valley,
Oft we hear some pleasing sound;
And perchance it ends as sadly—
Ends with branches falling round.

Now the gems of joy are shining
All along our youthful way;
But, alas! like these frost blossoms,
They are destined to decay.

"YOUR HEART SHALL LIVE FOREVER."

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

MR. LEAVITT had been a widower six or seven years. His youngest daughter, who had been his housekeeper since the death of his wife, was just about to enter a home of her own, and desired, from her heart, that her father should pass his remaining years with her. But he would not consent to this arrangement, and preferred sending for his niece Eleanor to live with him. Eleanor was his sister's daughter, and one of a numerous family, who had, from oldest to youngest, been obliged to earn their own living. They were all brought up on a farm, and were, as the phrase is, common, homely people, having had few advantages of education, and none of what is called *genteel society*. Eleanor was deformed and sickly. This was nearly all that her uncle knew about her. He had lived in the city since his marriage; had been rich, and gay, and worldly; and although he had never ceased to think of his father's family with affection, he had long discontinued his journeys to his native village. The excitement of a city life had become necessary to him, and it was only in dreams or in reverie that he returned to the home of his childhood, which was many hundred miles from his own.

Mr. Leavitt was a kind-hearted man, ready always to lend a helping hand to those who needed it. He was for many years prosperous in business, and a man of note in the town. He had led a happy life till the death of his wife. His childhood had been happy, for he was one of a band of brothers who were brought up to honor their parents, and to love each other. His youth had been happy, for he had a thirst for knowledge and the advantage of as good an education as the place afforded. His manhood had been happy, because he was of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, strong of body, resolute of will, temperate in his habits, and persevering in his industry. He worked his own way through college, won high honors, and contracted the friendship of many men, afterward distinguished, and, what was of no little importance to one of his affectionate nature, he succeeded, by dint of ardent devotion, to say nothing of his personal attractions and unquestionable merit, in persuading a young and beautiful woman to accept of his heart and hand; not his fortune, for he had none then to offer; but he had a capacity for making a fortune, which was a great deal better.

With his treasure of energy and industry, and the still richer treasure of a loving, cheerful wife, he left the bleak hills of New England and settled at the west. He grew up with the place, and he grew rich by his talent and industry. He owned houses and lands. He was foremost in all enterprises of improvement. He gave liberally, and from a generous heart, to all benevolent objects; in short, he was deservedly popular, and deservedly

beloved. His wife was a still greater favorite than himself.

Mr. Leavitt had been a happy middle-aged man. His children grew up around him, handsome, healthy, and good-natured. Death had never visited their circle; disappointment had never blighted their hopes till Mrs. Leavitt fell sick, and from her bed of suffering and disease never rose again. For weary months she lingered. Her beauty faded like the light from a summer cloud.

With her loss fell a shadow of doubt and unbelief upon the mind of her husband. He who had had so much prosperity—so much happiness, questioned the goodness of God, because the cup of sorrow was given him to drink, and he could not say, "Thy will be done." He had enjoyed his blessings without gratitude to the Giver of them, and now he doubted his goodness, because one of his blessings—the choicest of them all—was withdrawn. He could not lift up his eyes to heaven and thank Him who gave and who had taken away. God saw that trial was necessary for him; necessary to lead him to the Fountain of all blessing and joy.

His sun of happiness was obscured. He thought it had set forever. He became gloomy and desponding. Although he had sons and daughters left to cherish and care for him, he found no joy in their sympathy and affection. Every thing went wrong with him. He had no head for business, and no heart for pleasure. He was dissatisfied with himself, dissatisfied with the world, out of humor with every thing in nature, and life was weariness to him. Yet he did not want to die. He tried to reason about God. He said, "Nature is God, and God is nature. All the universe is governed by immutable laws, and there is no use praying; for if there is a wise God, he will do what he sees to be best in spite of our prayers." In short, he was in an unhappy state of mind. His heart cried out for God, but his head could not come to any satisfactory conclusions. When he walked abroad, the beauty of the landscape shed a sweet influence over his spirit, and by many hallowed associations led him back to the days of his childhood, when God was a reality to him, and with childlike simplicity he proffered his innocent requests with a faith and confidence to which his heart was now a stranger.

In business his golden prospects failed. Nothing seemed to prosper with him. He lost by one thing and another till he was, by contrast with his former situation, a poor man. His children, too, good and affectionate as they were, disappointed his ambition. His sons, none of them were likely to be President, and his daughters were in no wise remarkable. They married, and this, too, occasioned fresh disappointment; for they married young men without influence and without money. They were happy enough, but that did not mend the matter in his view. He was all the more provoked at their want of honorable ambition. His youngest daughter

ter, who was most like her mother, refused several offers of marriage that she might make her father's home pleasant to him. For a long while his mind was so clouded that he did not estimate this sacrifice. When he saw it in its true light, his heart was touched. A glow of love animated him. Love to what? He asked himself the question: To what? to whom am I grateful? And again cold intellect threw mists before the eyes of his spirit that he could not see God.

When, however, a man of good standing, wealth, and respectability presented himself as a suitor to his youngest daughter, he determined that she should not sacrifice her future welfare for him, and insisted that the marriage should take place, and that Eleanor, his niece, should take the head of his house. This grieved his daughter, for she wished to have the satisfaction of giving a home to her father, and of ministering to his declining years. But Mr. Leavitt was proud. He said, "I can never be dependent on a son-in-law."

"But how do you know whether you shall like Eleanor?" his daughter asked.

"That matters little, so she is contented; for indeed, child, I have long since ceased to expect happiness," he replied sadly.

His daughter tried to rally him; but she felt that she did not understand her father's state of mind.

"I have heard," she continued, "that my cousin is what they call very pious."

"I hope not," replied Mr. Leavitt; "but such as she is I shall try and make her welcome, only I trust she will keep her cant to herself. But I spoke hastily; I don't object to pious people, if they are of the right sort, but I want no long faces."

"You have as much as you can do to support your own, father," added his daughter playfully; but the smile she awakened died away in a moment. His heart was trying to plead with his head again. It was a kind heart—a tender heart—but it needed an object to satisfy its craving; it needed God.

The daughter was married, and Eleanor came. Deformed she was, small and not beautiful of feature. But the moment she spoke to her uncle it stirred pleasant memories within him. Her voice was musical, but that was not all—it was a voice full of hope. There was a joyousness in its tone, like the voice of a child. When you looked at her you wondered that she should have such a voice—she, so frail, so misshapen, so unfortunate apparently in all that makes life rich in outward promise.

Mr. Leavitt asked her of her mother, and brothers, and sisters. She told with truth and simplicity the history of their quiet lives.

"Do you think you can be happy here with me?" he asked.

"I can be happy any where," she replied with the same cheerful tone.

"How did you learn that wisdom?" he inquired.

"From God and from a naturally contented disposition," she answered.

"Then you believe in a God?" asked her uncle. "I have heard you were a pious, good girl. You know I am an infidel, I suppose?"

"No," replied Eleanor, "I did not know you were an infidel, and I should not believe it if I heard so."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Leavitt.

"Because I have always heard that you were a good son, husband, and father, and that you delighted to make those around you happy; and I am sure the blessedness of doing so much for others must have filled your heart so full, as to make it overflow in gratitude to the good Father who had given you the will and the power to do so much good."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Leavitt, "it was because I felt no gratitude for his good gifts, that God took from me the means of conferring happiness—took from me all that made life desirable. But you are tired now. I shall love you, Eleanor; you remind me of your mother. Perhaps you can infuse a little of your faith into my mind. I have no faith in any thing."

Eleanor half sighed and half smiled—sighed to see her uncle's gray head so bowed down with sorrow; smiled with the hope that she might add something to his happiness.

"It will take me some time to get accustomed to city ways, uncle," said Eleanor as she entered upon her duties, "but you will bear with my stupidity and ignorance, I know. I think I am not too old to learn. If I am childish in my admiration of all your fine things, you must not forget that I have been brought up in the country, where we have no new things. Your house seems to me very splendid."

Mr. Leavitt laughed. The change in his circumstances had induced him to take a small house and sell his handsome furniture. He thought it a great change to live in a hired house, instead of a splendid establishment of his own. But this was not what troubled him. It was the slights and the coldness of those whom he had assisted to rise, that made him hate the world when he thought of it.

"Here, for instance," said he to his niece, "in that great house you see yonder, lives C——, a member of Congress. He came here, a poor boy, to study law. He was smart and industrious, and I helped him on. I did it because I liked him, and because it made me happy to be able to do it. He was sick, and my wife took him to our house and nursed him as if he had been her own. As he got along in the world, no body rejoiced more than we did. We were rich then, and our doors were always open. He was among the guests that were most at home with us. He married a rich wife, built a fine house, and lived in style. As he went up we went down. He does not know us now."

"Is it possible that such ingratitude can exist?" exclaimed Eleanor.

"I can cite a hundred similar instances," replied

Mr. Leavitt. "Do you wonder that I despise the world?"

"I don't believe you do," said Eleanor; "there must be some good people left."

(COMPLETED IN OUR NEXT.)

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY G. WILLIAMS.

Attack on Baltimore by the British, and their defeat—Reminiscences of other war events, and kindred matters, in 1814-15.

THE fall of Washington City into the hands of the enemy cast a gloom over the whole nation. And while it inspired the foe to farther deeds of daring, it served also to nerve the patriotic yeomen of the country to a more vigorous defense of our soil against its ruthless invaders. The fortune of war seemed, from that time, to rest upon the "star-spangled banner," which now proudly waved

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

As evidence of this we need only point to the capture of the whole British fleet on Lake Champlain, and their "demonstrations" on Plattsburg, on Baltimore, and on New Orleans, in each of which they were signally beaten and repulsed with great loss. We propose, in this chapter, to take a "bird's-eye" view of the leading war events following the capture of Washington, as we find them noticed in the correspondence of Mr. W.—letters written from Washington City to his father in Chillicothe, extracts from which we resume.

"September 3, 1814.—Since the date of my last—August 27th—six or seven British ships of war have ascended the Potomac river to the city of Alexandria, about seven miles below Washington, which capitulated at discretion. The enemy have been engaged all week in freighting their vessels, and also the merchant vessels captured in port, with the spoils of Alexandria—flour and other provisions. They are lying at anchor in the river, in full view of Washington City, quietly freighting their vessels without let or hinderance; for any attack made upon them from the shore would be the signal for the bombardment and destruction of Alexandria. Early this week Commodores Rogers, Porter, and Perry, with several hundred seamen and marines, arrived here. A fine battery has since been planted at the Narrows of the Potomac, on the Virginia side, a few miles below Alexandria, and manned by these seamen and marines, under the command of the gallant Porter, supported by fifteen hundred militia under General Hungerford. The object is to intercept the return of the British vessels down the river. Commodore Perry is posted at Fort Warburton, on the Maryland side, and Commodore Rogers is preparing to operate by water.

The enemy's vessels are ready to descend the river; so we shall soon know the result.

"We have not yet got our offices in train for business, but will in a week or two. Washington now resembles a military post, from the number of batteries erected on the river side and the large encampments of soldiers."

The letters of Mr. W. omit the mention of the escape of the enemy's ships down the Potomac. We may add, in brief, that having descended the river nearly to the Narrows, they careened their vessels of war to bring their guns to bear, and dropped down and anchored in front of Commodore Porter's battery, upon which they opened a destructive fire, dismounting several of his guns and silencing others, and finally succeeded in passing the battery and so making their escape.

"September 14, 1814.—We got the General Land-Office into operation again yesterday. But we are yet without desks and other office furniture, which the Commissioner defers getting till it is decided whether the seat of Government will be removed from Washington, which will be attempted early in the approaching session of Congress, commencing next Monday. Several members have already arrived. Treasury bills are spoken of as a substitute for loans. I hope the session will be distinguished for acts rather than for speeches.

"The enemy has at last made the long threatened 'demonstration' on Baltimore. They appeared off the harbor on Sunday last, and landed at Fell's Point during the night. On Monday they were met in their advance upon the city by the van of General Smith's force, which skirmished with the enemy; and retiring before them, gradually fell back to their position in the main body, posted between the city and Fell's Point. The Americans were commanded by Gen. Samuel Smith, the Revolutionary hero of 'Mud Fort.' His force was formidable, including the fine body of volunteer corps and the militia of Baltimore; and his lines were judiciously drawn out upon the open plain in order of battle, awaiting the approach of the invading foe. Yesterday—Tuesday—the enemy advanced and gave battle. Their onslaught was vigorous and ably conducted, and they expected to see the American lines break and betake themselves to flight as at Bladensburg. But not so. Even the raw militia stood their ground unflinchingly. The conflict was severe, and lasted several hours. The invaders at last faltered, fell back, and soon commenced a precipitate retreat, leaving four hundred killed and wounded upon the field. Among their slain was the famous General Ross, the hero of Washington and commander-in-chief. In their retreat they were hotly pursued by the victors, till they took refuge under the guns of their ships of war. They lost no time in embarking on board their fleet, and to-day, at ten o'clock, they were standing down the Bay. So the veteran 'conquerors of the conquerors of Europe' were unable to maintain a conflict on the open plain, with a 'Bal-

timore mob,' as they had contemptuously called the citizen soldiers of that city.

"This is the news received yesterday and to-day by General Smith's express, sent every half hour to the Secretary of War, and through other sources. General Smith's half-hourly dispatches were written on the field of battle, and giving, in two or three lines, the state of the conflict, and these were immediately published on slips, here, and distributed to the citizens, who were intensely anxious to learn the fate of Baltimore. General Smith's last half-hourly dispatch was laconic and the occasion of great rejoicing here. I give it:

"Sir,—The enemy, beaten and routed at all points, are in full retreat."

"This is really a most important and glorious result, and can not fail to have a favorable effect in stimulating other cities which may be yet assailed, to emulate the noble example of Baltimore."

"September 17, 1814.—I hasten to send you the glorious news contained in the inclosed, which I copy from a National Intelligencer extra, just published. This news is indeed most exhilarating in these times of gloom and despondency. The aspect of affairs in the north begins to brighten, and I hope we shall yet have a successful termination of the campaign. General Brown has resumed the command on the Niagara again, and is joined by some thousands of volunteers from the state of New York."

"Letter from the postmaster at Plattsburg to the editor of the Albany Argus, dated 11 o'clock, Sunday, A. M., September 11:

"SIR,—I have the pleasure to announce to you, that after an action of two hours, this morning, Commodore M'Donough, our naval commander on Lake Champlain, captured the *whole British force on this Lake*, with the exception of five or six galleys that made their escape. The vessels captured are, one frigate of thirty-two guns, one brig of twenty-two guns, two sloops of ten guns each, and several galleys. I saw the action, which has just closed. The battle was in Plattsburg Bay. I await with anxiety the event of the battle now pending on the land at Fort Monroe, which was attacked by eight thousand British regulars simultaneously with the attack upon our fleet in the Bay. The shore of the Saranac river is lined with our militia and about three thousand volunteers from Vermont, which they—the enemy—must pass before they can reach our batteries. But if they effect a passage of the river and approach the works, [the fort,] they will find the battle but just begun. The village of Plattsburg has been in possession of the enemy since last Tuesday. Many of the best houses are destroyed."

"You will see by the National Intelligencer the sequel to the glorious news I sent you on the 17th; namely, the defeat and rout of Sir George Prevost and his army of fourteen thousand men, before Fort Monroe, at Plattsburg, by about five thousand militia and a few regulars. We have not received

the particulars either of this battle or that of Plattsburg Bay."

"October 8, 1814.—We have good news to-day from the south. Major-General Jackson informs, that after taking possession again of Mobile Point, the enemy approached with a fleet and summoned the fort to surrender. This being refused they commenced an attack, which resulted in their signal defeat, and the blowing up of one of their thirty-six gun frigates by hot shot from our batteries. This is cheering in the midst of our troubles.

"No business of importance is yet done in Congress, although three weeks of the session have passed. The Treasury is in an alarming condition. Some extraordinary measure to replenish its empty coffers must be resorted to—perhaps *direct taxes*. The Government *wants money and must have it, else its wheels will soon stop.*"

"December 3, 1814.—We have late and important news from Europe by the cartel Chauncy, just arrived at New York, bringing dispatches from our Commissioners at Ghent to October 31. The negotiation for peace was still progressing, with some small prospect of a favorable result. The British Commissioners had relinquished their preposterous claims concerning the boundary between us and their possessions on the north. The correspondence between the British Commissioners and ours, is, on the part of the latter, very able; and even Mr. Pickering applauded it on the floor of the house.

"The news of the capture of Washington, and the subsequent disasters to the British arms at Baltimore and Plattsburg, and the loss of their fleet on Lake Champlain, all reached England about the same time. The fall of this city caused much talk on the continent, on account of the barbarity of the enemy.

"Congress—I was going to tell you what it had done. But that is impossible. I can tell you, though, what it has not done. It has not provided any means for replenishing the *empty Treasury*; for restoring the sinking credit of the nation; nor for carrying on the war vigorously. More than *two months* of the session have elapsed, and Congress has done—*just nothing at all!*"

"January 5, 1815.—I learn this moment that a large British force—ten or twelve thousand men—landed a few miles below New Orleans on the 12th ult. General Jackson was there with twenty thousand men, and we have but little fear of the result."

"January 25, 1815.—The bill to charter the 'Bank of the United States,' which has passed both houses, is now before the President for his signature; but it is thought he will withhold it, as he has had the bill before him several days."

"January 28, 1815.—We have a rumor, entitled to some credit, by way of Halifax, that preliminaries of peace had been signed at Ghent.

"It is but too true that the President frigate has been captured by the enemy. Letters have been

received here from her officers, prisoners, dated 'on board H. B. M. frigate Pomona, at sea, January 30th, giving the details of the capture.'

"February 1, 1815.—The President has at length vetoed the Bank bill. So this measure, which has consumed so large a portion of this session of Congress, is thrown 'under the table.' It is doubtful now whether another Bank bill can be got through this session."

"February 10, 1815.—I have this moment—8 o'clock, P. M.—returned from the senate chamber, where I have been listening, since 3 o'clock, to the debate on the new Bank bill, introduced four days ago by Gov. James Barbour, of Virginia. Gov. Barbour had, only a day or two previously, taken his seat in the senate, in place of senator Brent, who died here five weeks ago. And although two Bank bills had already failed, and the oldest and most experienced members were at a loss what to do; and although Mr. Barbour's seat in the senate was hardly yet warmed, he had the temerity to introduce into that distinguished body another Bank bill, materially differing in its features from the others; and to undertake himself to defend and press its passage in the senate, against the combined opposition of the Federalists and disaffected Republicans in that body. Mr. Giles, his colleague, an old and influential member, and able debater and eloquent speaker, leads the debate against the bill. Three days ago I heard Mr. Barbour open the debate on the subject—his 'maiden speech' in the senate. Mr. Gaillard, of Georgia, President pro tem., was in the chair. Mr. Barbour's seat was near the center of the chamber; Mr. Giles's a few feet to the right of him, and a little in the rear. I was fortunate in getting a seat in the front tier in the gallery, in the best position to see and hear. Near me sat Mr. Gales, taking down the speeches in short-hand, and by my side Mr. Collins, of the Land-Office.

"Mr. Barbour arose, apparently a little embarrassed. All eyes were fixed upon him. He commenced with a beautiful and touching apology to the senate for obtruding himself upon their attention, on so important a question, so early after taking his seat, and surrounded, as he was, by the collected wisdom of the nation—men of greater age, of long experience, and familiar acquaintance with the affairs of the country; and prayed the indulgence of the senate if, through ignorance, he should transgress the rules of procedure or the mode of discussion. He examined the several features of the bill, showing the effect which a national bank would have upon the financial affairs of the country, and the aid which it would afford to the Government in its fiscal operations, and in reviving the prostrate credit of the nation in its finances. In a brief history of the Bank of England he showed its relation to the Government of that country, and its financial aid thereto; and, by analogy, argued the expediency of chartering the proposed Bank of the United States. He then dwelt for some time upon the critical condition of

the country, without money, without credit, without the means of conducting the war—paralyzed in all its operations; portrayed the horrors of war, describing the scenes of barbarity at Hampton, at the River Raisin and elsewhere; all which was spoken in a style of lofty, fervid, and impassioned eloquence, such as I never have heard equaled. In the delivery of this speech, Mr. Barbour was obliged to pause sometimes, for a minute or two, to wrestle down the strong emotions he felt, and for which he once or twice apologized to the senate. While thus pausing he stood, unmoved, with his head inclined forward, and his eyes fixed on the floor, while he was evidently laboring to overcome his emotions, and when reassured, he resumed where he had left off, and in nearly the same tone. During the delivery of the speech, which occupied about two hours, many of the grave and reverend senators, as well as the spectators in the gallery, testified by their irrepressible tears and emotional manifestations, the eloquence and power of the speaker. Mr. Collins, by my side, was quite overcome by his strong emotions; while I was myself but little less moved.

"Mr. Barbour is tall but not heavy; square shoulders and full chest; a well-formed head, high forehead, somewhat long face, a rather handsome, expressive, intellectual countenance, with the freshness of youth and the glow of health; straight and well formed in person—a fine specimen of an accomplished, open, and friendly 'Virginia gentleman.' The tones of his voice, too, are rich and mellifluous, falling on the ear like music, and delightfully thrilling along the nerves.

"Mr. Barbour's Bank bill, after every effort to defeat it, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading—ayes, 18; nays, 15. Its passage in the house is regarded as certain."

TOUCH THE RIGHT CHORD.

WATER, cold and clear, distills from the hard and rugged rock! Perfume, rich and sweet, steals from the sharp and prickly brier! Music, soft and low, is whispered by the wild and restless waves!—and rugged, and unapproachable, and restless, as is man's heart, it yet has its jewels, even though the casket in which they are held be oft so strong and rough. Touch his heart with true love's magic wand, and it will send forth a stream which will fertilize the wilderness around: approach his heart with a careful hand, and he will yield it the perfumed leaf, and yet leave it unhurt by the piercing thorn: hearken with the ear of charity to the tossings to and fro of his restless course, as they are mellowed in the distance, and are there not some waves which are uncrested with foam, and which break softly and musically on life's long shore? For every heart there is an influence: to every heart there is an entrance; touch but the keystone and the fabric will always yield.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

PROSPERITY DANGEROUS TO THE CHRISTIAN.—Prosperity is a very dangerous position. It is not the man who has lost his property who is most likely to forget God; but the man who has obtained a fortune, or made a most successful speculation, or had left to him a large property. It is not the empty cup that we have any difficulty in holding; it requires the utmost nicety to balance the cup that is full to the brim. Adversity may depress; but prosperity elevates us to presumption. And if you ever have occasion to intimate that the prayers of the congregation are requested for a member of the Church in deep affliction, you ought much oftener to say that the prayers of the congregation are requested for a member who has been visited with great prosperity. Depend upon it that the latter needs prayer just as much as the former. In the valleys, where all is shadow, we can walk securely. On the lofty pinnacle, where all is sunshine, we need a special power to keep us, a special arm to sustain us. If we take the experience of the Church of Christ, we shall find that the man that draws closest to God has generally had the least of the blessings of his providence. The Scotch fir-tree is, to my mind, the best symbol of the Christian. The least of earth is required for its roots; it finds nourishment in a dry soil and amid barren rocks, and yet, green in winter as in summer, it towers the highest of all the trees of the wood toward the sky, and with least of earth makes the greatest approach to heaven. So it is with the tree of God's planting: with the least of earth about its roots it towers the nearest to heaven; deriving nourishment, not from the earth below, but from the sunbeams that fall upon it, and the rain-drops that sprinkle it, supported by that hidden nourishment that comes from God.

A GREATER THAN SOLOMON.—The cedar palace has long since yielded to the torch of the spoiler; but the home which Jesus has prepared for his disciples is a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. Thorns and thistles choke the garden of Engedi, and the moon is no longer mirrored in the fish-ponds of Heshbon; but no brier grows in the paradise above, and nothing will ever choke or narrow that fountain whence life leaps in fullness, or stagnate that still expanse where the Good Shepherd leads his flock at glory's noon. And Solomon—the wonder of the world—his grave is with us at this day; his flesh has seen corruption; and he, too, must hear the voice of the Son of Man, and come forth to the great account: but Jesus saw no corruption. Him hath God raised up, and made a Prince and a Savior; and hath given him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of Man. And, reverting to the allusion of our outset: Solomon effloresced from his country's golden age; a greater than Solomon appeared when miry clay was mixing with its age of iron. Solomon was, so to speak, an effusion of his age, as well as its

brightest ornament: the Son of Mary was an advent and an alien—a star come down to sojourn in a cavern—a root of Deity from our earth's dry ground. But though it was the Hebrew winter when he came, he did not fail nor wax discouraged. He taught, he lived, he fulfilled all righteousness—he loved, he died. It was winter wheat: but the corn fell into the ground ungrudgingly; for as he sowed his seeds of truth, the Savior knew that he was sowing the summer of our world. And as, one by one, these seeds spring up, they fetch with them a glow more genial; for every saved soul is not only something for God's garner, but an influence for mankind. Already of that handful of corn which this greater Solomon scattered on the mountain-tops of Galilee, the first-fruits are springing; and by and by the fruit shall shake like Lebanon, and the Church's citizens shall be abundant as grass of the earth. On the wings of prophecy it is hastening toward us; and every prayer and every mission speeds it on—our world's latter summer-hurst, our earth's perennial June—when the name of Jesus shall endure forever, and be continued as long as the sun: when men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

THE SLEEPING BOATMAN.—There is a canoe floating lazily on the waters of the St. Lawrence. All is bright on either side; and forests which nothing but the wild beast or the tempest has disturbed for centuries, wave in the plenitude of summer richness. In that canoe there is a boatman asleep, and the gentle gliding of his little craft is fitted rather to rock than to rouse him. Gradually, however, the river flows more rapidly. The boat, with its sleeping cargo, feels the suction, and now rushes with increasing velocity along. Its agitation at length rouses the sleeper, but it is too late. His skiff feels the resistless power of the current; and, amid wild gesticulations, he plunges into an abyss where his very fragments are destroyed. And similar results are seen in the moral world, when men permit themselves to be drawn within the suction of that current which is sweeping so many down to ruin forever.

THE WORD OF GOD.—When we buffet with a baffling tempest, how gladdening is the glimmer even of a lamp seen through the drift, telling us of comfort and of home! When we have long been driven by the waves and tossed, so that hope has fled and exertion become paralyzed, how welcome the haven of our rest! When strangers have long been our only associates in a foreign land, where no familiar face was near to greet us with its smile, how pleasant to know

“There is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come!”

And how much more gladdening that word of God which irradiates the path of a believer, a pillar of

cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night! In joy or in sorrow, in youth or in age, in his home, in his place of toil or of business, amid unceasing activities, or when the sands of life are ebbing low, such a man has a directory at every hour of need, a counselor in every difficulty—enough to crown his weary life with a portion of the joy of his God.—*Rev. W. A. Tweedie.*

THE PREACHING OF PAUL.—"I speak the words of soberness," said St. Paul. And I preach the Gospel "not with the enticing words of man's wisdom." This was the way of the apostle's discouraging of things sacred. Nothing here of the *fringes of the north star*; nothing of *nature's becoming unnatural*; nothing of the *down of angels' wings*, or the *beautiful locks of cherubims*; no starched similitudes, introduced with a "*Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion*," and the like. No; these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the apostles, poor mortals! were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, "*that he who believed should be saved, and that he who believed not should be damned*." And this was the dialect which pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, "*Men and brethren, what shall we do?*" It tickled not the ear, but sank into the heart; and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his taking voice or gesture; for the fineness of such a simile, or the quaintness of such a sentence: but they spoke like men conquered by the overpowering force and evidence of the most concerning truths: much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus, "*Did not our hearts burn within us, while he opened to us the Scriptures?*"—*Dr. South.*

THE DOUBLE PROCESS OF HARDENING.—On a winter evening, when the frost is setting in with growing intensity, and when the sun is now far past the meridian, and gradually sinking in the western sky, there is a double reason why the ground grows every moment harder and more impenetrable to the plow. On the one hand, the frost of evening, with ever-increasing intensity, is indurating the stiffened clods. On the other hand, the genial rays, which alone can soften them, are every moment withdrawing and losing their enlivening power. O, brethren, take heed that it be not so with you! As long as you are unconverted, you are under the double process of hardening. The frosts of an eternal night are settling down upon your souls; and the Sun of righteousness, with westering wheel, is hastening to set upon you for evermore. If, then, the plow of grace can not force its way into your *ice-bound heart to-day*, what likelihood is there that it will enter in *to-morrow*?

HOW I WOULD PREACH IF I COULD.—"I am tormented," said Robert Hall, "with the desire of writing better than I can." I am tormented, say I, with the desire of preaching better than I can.

But I have no wish to make fine pretty sermons. Prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower; but in sermons prettiness is out of place. To my ear, it should be any thing but commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon."

If I were put upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with tropes and figures, or bury his argument beneath a profusion of flowers of his rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly."

I have no objections to a lady winding a sword with ribbons and studding it with roses when she presents it to her hero-lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge on the enemy.

VIEWS OF DEATH.—I had lately some views of death, and it appeared to me in the most brilliant colors. What is it to die, but to open our eyes after the disagreeable dream of this life? It is to break the prison of corruptible flesh and blood into which sin has cast us; to draw aside the curtain, to cast off the material vail, which prevents us from seeing the supreme beauty and goodness face to face. It is to quit our polluted and tattered raiment, to be invested with robes of honor and glory, and to behold the Sun of righteousness in his brightness, without any interposing cloud. O my dear friend, how lovely is death when we look at it in Jesus Christ! To die is one of the greatest privileges of the Christian.—*Fletcher.*

THE IMPROVIDENT TRAVELER.—A certain traveler who had a distance to go, one part of his road leading through green fields, and the other through a tangled road of brambles and thorns, made great preparation for the first part of his journey.

He dressed himself in light and gay clothes, and put a cake in his pocket, and nimbly proceeded on his way, along the beaten path across the green meadows.

After a while the road became rugged, and by the time night drew on the traveler was in a pitiable plight. His provisions were exhausted; his clothes wet through, and partly torn from his back by the briars; his flowers were faded, and, weary as he was, the slender cane which he carried would not bear his weight; a stream of water was before him and darkness around him.

"Alas!" said he, smiting his breast, "I am hungry, and have no food; wet to the skin, and have no dry clothes; weary, and no staff to rest on; I have a stream to cross, and here is no boat; I am bewildered, and have no guide; it is dark, and I have no lantern. Fool that I am! why did I not provide for the end of my journey as well as for the beginning!"

My friends, time is hastening away; you are travelers! Life is the beginning, death the end of your journey. If you have made preparations for both, happy are you; but if otherwise, you resemble the foolish traveler.—*Humphrey.*

THE REFUGEE.—Whither fly if to what place can I safely fly? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: for whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: whithersoever, O Lord, I go, I find thee; if angry, a revenger; if appeased a redeemer: my soul, that thou mayest avoid thy God, address to thy Lord.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

COVERT INFIDELITY.—"The Types of Mankind," a large octavo publication, gotten up by Messrs. Nott and Gliddon, is pronounced by the New York Independent a sheer humbug. Its principal object is to undermine Christianity, though, of course, the thing is gone at with a great profession of love for religion. Mr. Nott uses all his logic to show that the negro has no soul, and is, therefore, not a man; while Mr. Gliddon tries equally hard to prove that men existed on the earth at least 100,000 years before the account given by Moses. In other words, he argues stoutly to show that there was a man ages and ages before Adam was created. Mr. Gliddon, it will be recollected, is the man who years ago made a goose of himself in trying to unroll mummies to a Boston audience.

AN EXTENSIVE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—The Established Church of England has, within the last twenty years, without the assistance of the state, built 2,000 churches, at a cost of £5,500,000, or \$37,000,000. The Church of England also receives enormous revenues from the state.

PRAYING MACHINE.—The inhabitants of Thibet have an ingenious instrument called the prayer-cylinder, by which to carry on their devotions. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder, the axis of which is prolonged so as to form a handle. This cylinder is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned around. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, this may be considered a convenient means of multiplying the number of a man's prayers.

INSANE AND IDIOTIC PERSONS.—The whole number of insane and idiotic persons in the several states of the Union, as shown by the last census, was 31,494, divided nearly equally between the two classes. Of the insane, 14,872 were white, and 638 colored; and of the idiotic, 14,287 were white, and 1,580 colored. By far the largest proportion of both classes were found in those states having the greatest number of cities, and concentrating the largest amount of foreign immigration.

THE MANCHANOE-TREE.—There is in the West Indies a tree called the manchanoe. It is a beautiful tree, with fresh green and glossy foliage. Its blossom is also very beautiful, and it bears a fruit—a very fragrant, yellow apple. But hidden beneath all this beauty, in juices and exhalations, is a most virulent and deadly poison. If the fruit is eaten, it produces instant death; and if its sap falls upon any part of the skin, it raises sore and burning blisters, both dangerous and painful. The Indians formerly used the juice of this tree to dip their arrows, in order that they might poison the bodies of their enemies.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION.—The Norwich Courier, Connecticut, relates a strange and almost incredible tale of superstition recently enacted in Jewett City in that vicinity. About eight years ago Horace Ray,

of Griswold, died of consumption. Since that time two of his children, grown-up people, have died of the same disease, the last one dying some two years since. Not long ago the same fatal disease seized upon another son, whereupon it was determined to exhume the bodies of the two brothers already dead and burn them, because the dead were supposed to feed upon the living; and so long as the dead body in the grave remained in a state of decomposition, either wholly or in part, the surviving members of the family must continue to furnish the sustenance on which that dead body fed. Acting under the influence of this strange and blind superstition, the family and friends of the deceased proceeded to the burial-ground at Jewett City, dug up the bodies of the deceased brothers, and burned them on the spot.

ELASTIC VARNISH FOR LEATHER.—Take two parts by weight of resin, and one of India rubber, and heat them in an earthenware vessel till they are fused together; after which they should be stirred till they are quite cold; a little boiled linseed oil may be added while the materials are hot.

IVORY.—If ivory becomes brittle by age, it will recover its original quality by being boiled in a solution of pure glue.

BUSHEL AND ACRE.—The standard bushel of the United States is the same as the "Winchester bushel," which was the standard in England from the time of Henry VII to 1836, and contains 2,150.4 cubic inches. The present standard in England is the "Imperial bushel," which contains 2,218.192 cubic inches, being within a fraction of 68 cubic inches larger than that of the United States. The *acre* is the same both in England and the United States.

LEARNING IN CHINA.—In China the most learned people are the most honorable. Every one who wishes to become a great lord studies day and night. One man, that he might not fall asleep over his books, tied his long plaited tail of hair to the ceiling, and when his head nodded his hair was pulled tight, and that woke him.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A very superior article of Spanish Brown has been lately found near Elyton, Alabama, which has been tested by competent persons, and pronounced to be better than the imported article. The quantity is said to be inexhaustible, as "there is a whole mountain of it."

THE BUTTERFLY FLOWER.—There is a plant growing in the tropical regions which bears a flower almost exactly resembling one of the largest and most beautiful of the butterfly species. It has large painted wings, spotted and curiously variegated. Its body is covered with a soft, silky down, similar to that upon the insect; and the whole appearance of the flower is so wonderfully like the butterfly as to completely deceive the eye at first sight.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, during the past year, amounted to the magnificent sum of £126,663, which was some £3,225 more than any

previous year. The issues of the Society were 1,367,528 copies; the total issues amount to nearly 28,000,000 copies of Bibles and Testaments.

POISONOUS BERRIES.—The Washington Star reports that the berries on which Lieutenant Strain's party were obliged to feed upon during their adventurous exploration of the Isthmus of Darien, contained a strong acid, which has destroyed the enamel of their teeth, and will ultimately result in their complete loss.

NOCTURNAL BATHING IN INDIA.—On the occasion of a great nocturnal bathing ceremony, held at the great tank called the India Daman, I went with a party of three or four others to witness the spectacle. The walls surrounding the pool, and a cluster of handsome and picturesque pavilions in its center, were brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of che-rangs, or small oil lamps, casting a flickering luster upon the heads and shoulders of about five hundred men, and women, and children, who were ducking and playing in the water. As I glanced over the figures nearest to me, I discovered floating among the indifferent bathers two dead bodies, which had been drowned in the confusion, or had purposely come to die on the edge of the sacred tank; the cool, apathetic survivors taking not the slightest notice of their soulless neighbors.—*Year in India.*

MORMON CHILDREN.—Of all children that come under our observation, we must in candor say, that those of the Mormons are the most profane. Circumstances connected with travel, with occupations in a new home, and desultory life, may in part account for this; but when a people make pretensions to raising up a "holy generation," and are commanded to take wives for the purpose, we naturally look at the quality of the fruit produced by the doctrines; and, surely, they should not complain of the Scriptures' rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Lieut. Gunnison.*

OLD HUNDRED.—The history of this old Psalm tune, which almost every body has been accustomed to hear ever since they can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English clergyman. Martin Luther has generally been reckoned the author of "Old Hundred," but it has been discovered that it was composed in the sixteenth century, by William Franc, a German. In the course of time it has been considerably changed from the original, and it is said that as it first appeared it was of a more lively character than at present.

HAIR POWDER.—Hair powder was first introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germain, in the year 1741. In the beginning of the reign of George I only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II there were only two hair-dressers in London. In the year 1795 it was calculated that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, fifty thousand hair-dressers! Supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day—this, upon an average, would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 6,315,280 quartern loaves, which, at only nine pence each, amounts to £1,146,420 British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by

the soldiers, or that which was consumed by those who dressed their own hair.

SIGNIFICATION OF "ERIE."—The question is often asked, "Why so many storms and disasters upon Lake Erie? Why the difference between that and the other Lakes composing the great chain between the United States and British America?" It is said to be caused by the extreme shallowness of its waters, which are more easily disturbed than the deep waters of its neighbors. Hence the name "Erie," an Indian name signifying "mad," "the mad lake." This name, like all Indian proper names, is very significant of the boisterous character of Lake Erie.

SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.—Two French scientific men have, by a rapidly rotating mirror, and knowing the fact that light travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second of time, measured the amount of time occupied by the passage of light through a distance of twelve feet, which was the sixty-seven millionth part of a second.

A NEW BED OF GYPSUM.—A contractor on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, in making some excavations on the farm of a Mr. Robertson, near Lynchburg, Va., discovered an extensive quarry of gypsum, which, but for the railroad, might have remained unknown for many years.

NEWSPAPER STAMP RETURNS.—A Parliamentary return of the number of newspaper stamps, at one penny, for the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, has just been published by order of the house of commons. The return extends to twenty-two folio pages. In 1851 the number issued in the United Kingdom was 89,645,981; in 1852 the number was 92,678,420; and in 1853 the number was 94,961,418. Last year, in England, the number issued was 78,274,385; in Wales, 718,480; in Scotland, 7,774,612; and in Ireland, 8,198,986. In 1852 the numbers were, England, 76,240,997; Wales, 795,302; Scotland, 7,229,702; and Ireland, 8,412,419; while in 1851 the numbers were, England, 75,097,069; Wales, 688,793; Scotland, 7,061,881; and Ireland, 6,803,688.

ROMANISM AND CRIME.—The Catholic clergy, as an argument for their exclusive right to teach and control the religious privileges of the convicts in our state penitentiaries, and our work-houses, and houses of refuge, allege that the inmates are, with few exceptions, of the Catholic faith. One would suppose that this was a feeble argument. If the influences of Catholic instruction have not restrained, are they the most calculated to reform?—*New Orleans Creole.*

WILLOW DOCK.—They are building a willow dock at La Crosse, Wis. It is constructed entirely of willow twigs, about twelve feet long, bound in bundles one foot thick, which are so ingeniously arranged and woven together that it is impossible for the sand to work out or the water to work in. Each bundle contains about one hundred small trees, and it will take fifty thousand of these bundles to complete the work. It is said that the willows will sprout and grow, rooting firmly together, thereby forming a living superstructure which will last for ages without the least tendency to decay. Docks like these occur very frequently on the banks of the Rhine in Germany.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

GREECE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.—By Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D. With an Introduction, by Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D. New York: J. C. Derby; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby. 1854. 12mo. 323 pages.—With melancholy feelings we perused the pages of this book. Before it saw the light the pen that penned it had been forever laid aside. We are glad that the book was not permitted to sleep with its noble and gifted author. Dr. Olin's work on Egypt and the Holy Land has acquired the enviable honor of having become a standard work on the subject. This is written with the same fullness and accuracy of detail, and with the same graphic power of description. Dr. M'Clintock, in his introduction, says that "the present is characterized by the same excellent qualities that have marked all Dr. Olin's writings. His mind was singularly comprehensive; but, at the same time, had a rare faculty of accurate and minute observation; and these qualifications, combined with a severe and conscientious truthfulness, fitted him admirably to write books of travel. He does not, indeed, give us romance; but reality is better; he tells what he saw, not what he dreamed. It is true that amid associations such as those that haunt the hills of Athens, his calm mind grows imaginative, and, to use his own language, 'finds it easy to repeople scenes that have been consecrated by the highest examples of genius and virtue;' but his judgment, ever cool and collected, does not fall him under any degree of intellectual excitement, and his words may always be taken for true in their full meaning." The volume is published in very handsome style, and the profits arising from its publication are to go to the Wesleyan University.

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN HUNGARY, from the beginning of the Reformation to 1850, with special reference to Transylvania. Translated by Rev. J. Craig, D. D. With an Introduction, by J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. 12mo. 559 pages. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.—D'Aubigne, in his introduction, says: "I can not help thinking that this volume will be read with interest, for it fills up a chasm that has long existed in Protestant Christianity; it unfolds a page in the history of martyrdom that has hitherto been unread; it opens up to the Protestant Christian the view of a suffering and oppressed Church; and it makes known a nation, distant, it is true, but brought near to us by its faith, and which has ever become to those who have lived within it an object of warm and sincere affection." We should like to give a fuller notice of this invaluable contribution to Protestant ecclesiastical history, but our want of space forbids it.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL ROGERS. With a Biographical Sketch and Notes. Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. 12mo. 460 pages.—This is a complete and beautiful edition of the works of a favorite poet.

In all the mechanical essentials of a good book—such as good paper, fine, clear, open type—it is unsurpassed by any edition of Rogers yet given to the public; while the biographical sketch, running through about fifty pages, and the notes, running through thirty or forty more, add much to its sterling value. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER. By Ellen Louise Chandler. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. 12mo. 412 pages.—This work consists of a melange of fictions, sketches, and poems. Some of these sketches are drawn with unsurpassed skill and delicacy. The book is full of lifelike scenes, and is well calculated to beguile a leisure hour or the tedium of travel. We shall be mistaken if this book does not have a wide circulation; and certain we are that Miss Chandler is endowed with a talent which, if rightly cultivated, will place her among the very first female authors in this country. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

HILLS, LAKES, AND FOREST STREAMS; or, a Tramp in the Chateaugay Woods, is the title of an excellent, readable, and lively volume from the pen of S. H. Hammond, editor of the Albany State Register. We have read few late issues with more interest. J. C. Derby, New York; H. W. Derby, Main-street, Cincinnati.

ESSAYS ON THE FORMATION AND PUBLICATION OF OPINIONS, THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH, AND OTHER SUBJECTS. By Samuel Bailey. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 12mo. 422 pages.—This book has been upon our table for some weeks, but we have not found time to give it that thorough examination we could desire. There is, however, a vigor of thought, and a metaphysical discrimination, as well as a perspicuity of style, so manifest in the few chapters we have been able to read, that we are inclined to accord to it a high place among the metaphysical productions of the day.

FIRST LESSONS IN LANGUAGE; or, Elements of English Grammar. By D. B. Tower, A. M.—This is a capital book for beginners. We know of none superior.

A YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE, is one of T. S. Arthur's popular tales. Few American authors are more popular than Arthur. T. B. Patterson, Philadelphia. 25 cents.

THE IRON COUSIN; or, Mutual Influence. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. 511 pages. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE MONEY-MAKER, AND OTHER TALES. By Jane C. Campbell. New York: J. C. Derby; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby. 1854. 12mo. 334 pages.

CALAVAR; or, the Knight of the Conquest. A Romance of Mexico. By Robert Montgomery Bird. New York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo. For sale by Patterson & Clarke, 46 Sixth-street, Cincinnati.—A new and revised edition of a popular work.

SERMONS ON THE BEATITUDES. By Rev. G. C. Crum.—This work, which will make a 12mo. volume of about two hundred and thirty pages, is now in press by Swornstedt & Poe, and will soon be placed among the standard publications of the Methodist Book Concern. It is written in a chaste and elevated style, and breathes a pure and fervent spirit. We shall notice it more fully hereafter.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN METHODISM. By Rev. J. B. Finley. Edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D. D.—This work is also in press, and will be issued in a few weeks. It is a fresh stream from Father Finley's reservoir of accumulated historical facts and anecdotes. The "old Chief's" facts are always life-like, and, clothed in Dr. Strickland's easy and pleasing style, they will possess double attraction. This will be a 12mo. volume of about five hundred and fifty pages. It is a work that will be eagerly sought after.

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. By Wm. T. Coggeshall.—We understand that the above work will be published by Mr. Redfield, of New York, early in the fall. It will embrace the highly interesting sketches which appeared in the last volume of the Repository from the pen of Mr. Coggeshall, and also other pieces of the same character. It will make a capital book for the "home circle," and will hardly fall of a wide circulation, which it certainly will deserve. Mr. Coggeshall ranks well among the men who are now giving prominence to western literature.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—*Contents of the May number:* 1. Plurality of Worlds. 2. British and Continental Characteristics. 3. The Union with England and Scottish Nationality. 4. Christian Evidences and History. 5. The Art of Education. 6. Ruskin and Architecture. 7. Professor Forbes and Mr. Lloyd in Scandinavia. 8. Auguste Comte and Positivism. The last article is a justly scathing review of the infidel fantasies of Comte. He says, "It is no Promethean fire stolen from heaven; it is no Prometheus who has arrogated to himself the task of gods." And again: "Chaos is renewed when this notion, borrowed from the outrageous idealism of the Hegelian school, incorporates the mystical mythology of Strauss with the chimeras of St. Simonism and the dry formalism of science, and baptizes the conglomerate phantasy with the new name of the 'Religion of Humanity.'"

LONDON QUARTERLY.—*Contents of the April number:* 1. Sterne. 2. Sacred Geography. 3. Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party. 4. The Russian Empire. 5. Criminal Law Digest. 6. Treasures of Art in Great Britain. 7. The Turks and Greeks. 8. The New Reform Bill.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—*April number.*—1. Results of the Census of 1851. 2. Manners and Fashion. 3. Archbishop Whately on Christianity—the infidel article of the number. 4. Criminal Legislation and Prison Discipline. 5. Lord Campbell as a Writer of History. 6. Schamyl, the Prophet-Warrior of the Caucasus. 7. Thomas De Quincy and his Works.

8. The Balance of Power in Europe. 9. Contemporary Literature.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—*April number.*—1. Mormonism. 2. John Locke—his Character and Philosophy. 3. History of the French Protestant Refugees. 4. Memoirs of Moore. 5. The National Gallery Report. 6. Recent Italian Autobiographies. 7. The Judges on Codification. 8. Consumption of Food in the United Kingdom.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—*Contents of May number:* The Oxford Reform Bill; Ancient and Modern Fortresses; Firmilian—A Tragedy; The Quiet Heart; Marathon; London to West Prussia; National Life of China; Release; Too Late; Progress and Policy of Russia in Central Asia; Death of Professor Wilson.

For the foregoing works we are indebted to Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York city, by whom they are republished from the English editions. Price: for any one of them \$3, for the five \$10, per annum. Any of our readers in this region wishing them would do well to address the publishers, and not R. Post, formerly periodical agent in this city.

MINUTES OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE, 1854.—Number of members, 25,680; local preachers, 160; Sunday school scholars, 21,084; missionary collections, \$11,443.18; tract do., \$2,024.52; Sunday school do., \$1,225.89; number of churches, 266; number of parsonages, 64; indebtedness on churches, \$195,686. The greatest indebtedness on any one church is on Mulberry-street, New York city, which is \$21,700.

MINUTES OF THE PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE, 1854.—Statistical tables not footed up.

NEW JERSEY CONFERENCE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.—Just such a report as every conference should publish and distribute. Collected, \$18,285.44; gain, \$8,570.50. Well done!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.—A discourse by Rev. Z. D. Scooby, of the New York conference.

RELATION BETWEEN PATIENCE AND HOPE.—A sermon, by Rev. F. W. Bill, preached in the South Fifth-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Williamsburg, L. I.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.—A discourse, by Rev. E. M. H. Flemming, of the South-Eastern Indiana conference.

CATALOGUE OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, for the Academic Year 1853-54.—President, Dr. E. Thomson, assisted by 5 professors. Collegiate students, 183; Biblical, 42; preparatory, 369; total in all the departments, 594.

CATALOGUE OF MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—Rev. H. P. Torsey, A. M., Principal, assisted by 10 teachers. Students, 172.

CATALOGUE OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—Rev. Oren Faville, A. M., Principal, assisted by 6 teachers. Number of students, 159.

THE HOME JOURNAL, edited by Morris & Willis, and published in New York city for two dollars per annum, is one of the best family literary papers in the country.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

ROWLAND HILL.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella!" Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation: "If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must inclose a £5 note in them for some good charity." On another occasion: "I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

INJURY.—An injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse. In bad dispositions capable of no restraint but fear—it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.—*Sterne.*

INJUSTICE.—Of all injustice, that is the greatest, which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity, is the most insupportable.

INTEGRITY.—In all things preserve integrity; and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the hardness of ill-success and disappointment, and give thee a humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other reward.—*Paley.*

THE END OF LEARNING.—The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton.*

UNALTERABLE LAWS.—When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces on me is, to convince me that he is an unalterable fool.—*Sidney Smith.*

LOVE COVERS SIN.—"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar can not be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter, who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.—*South.*

HABIT OF LYING.—After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice. I have an honest lad to my tailor, who I never knew guilty of one truth, no, not when it had been to his advantage.—*Montaigne.*

PHILANTHROPOS AND HIS HAT.—Philanthropos, walking in Bowdoin-street the other day, observed

a heavy cart, which two poor, jaded horses were attempting to draw up the hill. They arrived about half way, when their strength failed them, and they could neither draw nor remain where they were, and the team began backing down the hill. The teamster sought for a stone to block the wheels, when Philanthropos, in his eagerness to lend his aid, rushed forward and put his new hat under the wheel. The team was not stopped, but his hat was.

NO ATTORNEYS ADMITTED.—A man who had a case in court said that if he lost it in the Common Pleas he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from there to the United States Court, and from there to heaven. "Certainly, then," replied a gentleman, "you will be defeated; for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there!"

A ROUSER.—Father Seraphin, a noted Capuchin, of pious simplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV at Versailles, when he perceived the Abbe Fenelon asleep. Stopping in the midst of his discourse, he said, "Wake that abbe who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the King." Louis smiled, and pardoned the disrespect, in consideration of the father's simplicity of character.

A STRANGE PRAYER.—A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III, performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord, have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh."

AT MY WIT'S END.—A gentleman in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady, who, at last, quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his *bon-mots*, exclaimed, "Stop, sir! there is really no end to your wit." "God forbid, madam," replied the humorist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

HOWLET-FACE.—Robert Burns, being informed that a little girl, in the company where he was, had been rudely designated "howlet-face" by a gentleman present, on account of a certain disagreeable peculiarity in her visage, which reminded him of an owl, he immediately wrote this verse, and handed it to the person concerned:

"And did he ca' ye Howlet-face,
The vile, unseemly specter!
Your face has been a looking-glass,
In which he's seen his picture."

THE FAST DAY.—A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a fast-day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that, "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the evening!"

Editor's Table.

HOME AGAIN.—The last account we gave of ourself to our readers we were on our zigzag course to the east. After an absence of about three weeks, we are again at our post, and with renewed zeal and vigor "driving the quill." We had collected a vast amount of material to come under the head of "way-side gleanings," "jottings," or whatever other fancy name might occur; but being doubtful of its value to our readers, and finding the state of our columns somewhat crowded, we have "rejected" the whole concern. The fact is, we kept it on hand till it got cool, and then we found it was not worth much.

Cheering to the heart are "the friends of former years!" We grasped the hands of many such in our recent eastern visit. Their names are written indelibly on the tablet of our heart. We hope to enjoy their society forever in "the better land." It is as flattering to one's vanity as it is gratifying to one's heart to find his friends are *just beginning to remember him*, when he had supposed himself about forgotten.

Hosts of friends to the Repository, too, we found in the east—warm friends; we had almost said, enthusiastic friends. Indeed, we were half jealous that the Repository was stealing away the hearts of our own friends from us. But, at all events, we are more than assured that the ladies are for the Repository, and this being the case, it must go ahead.

SKETCH OF MRS. WILEY.—Among the other choice articles of the present number will be found an interesting sketch of this female missionary, who laid herself upon the altar of sacrifice for China's redemption. The noble band of missionaries that were gathered a few years since in New York, preparatory to their departure—some for China, and some for our Pacific coast—we well remember. Most of them are still doing noble battle for the cause; but a few, from ill health, or from other causes, have been compelled to retire from the work; and only one, we believe—Mrs. Wiley—has been called by the Master to cease from labor. Hers was a pure and noble spirit. All who love the missionary cause will feel a deep interest in this article. It was written by a lady connected with the American Board of Foreign Missions.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We are pleased to observe that the two elegant engravings that appeared in our July issue were subjects of universal commendation. Those in the present number may not be so striking in general design, but we think it will be admitted that they are not inferior in artistic merit.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"Reveries," some grammatical errors; we would encourage the author. "No Peace to the Wicked" liable to the same objection as the preceding. "Down and Up" may yet be "up," for its author has perseverance; let him cultivate his talent. "Lines on the Death of an Only Child" is defective in both rhyme and measure; but we sympathize—and our experience has taught us how—with the bereaved. "Gone! Yes, Gone!" does not come quite up to our standard. "To Harriet"—

no name. "To E. in Heaven," ditto. "I Dreamed Last Night you Died" has some good stanzas. "Continued Labor and Perseverance Essential to Progress"—sentences rather too complicated and involved; its author will make a good writer with practice. "To Miss M. P." is accompanied by no name, and we have, therefore, not read it. "The Magnetic Telegraph" will hardly answer. "Montgomery" and "Acrostical Address" both contain errors in measure and incorrect grammatical construction. "We ever will be Friends" must also take its place upon this list. "Passing Away" lacks uniformity; but the following stanza attests that the author is not destitute of the poetic spirit:

"We are passing away with quivering breath—
Away, away to the night of death;
We shall sleep in peace 'neath the lowly sod,
And arise in the morning to dwell with God."

Gossip with Correspondents.—A young brother says, "I wish to ask your opinion as to the best work on elocution for a young minister to study." We doubt whether we can direct him to a better work than "Vocal Culture," by Russell & Murdock.

The following is from a lady correspondent: "I present you for the Repository another of my feeble efforts at poetizing. I can not help writing, and can not help sending you an occasional specimen, if it *does* meet the fate I dread; and what is more—I mean to write till I *do* produce something worthy of a place in those very columns. But I will patiently bide my time." Take good courage; your poem is on the *right* list this time. Don't let that, however, deter you from writing again. Practice, with a determined effort to improve, usually produces the right result.

Another lady thus delicately corrects a mistake of our compositor: "Mistakes very rarely occur in your magazine, but I have discovered one which amused me. I am not 'Mrs.,' but simply 'Miss.'" Very well, we sit—the weather is too hot to stand, thermometer 94 degrees—corrected. Possibly, however, our compositor had a *presentiment*.

"Mr. Editor,—I suppose you are about committing 'Music' to that formidable pile of 'Rejected Articles' at your elbow. Let me throw a fagot on the pile." We can't accommodate you as to the destination of your "fagot"—albeit, it may yet be set to "Music."

How many illustrations of the beauty, tenderness, and undying nature of the human affections are transpiring, perhaps scarcely noticed, all around us! Here is an example: "Davy," said an older sister to a little boy of four years, "be mine, won't you?" "How long?" said Davy. "Forever and ever." "Yes, then I'm yours forever and ever." A little while after Davy ceased from his play, seemed thoughtful for a moment, and then, looking up to his mother, said, "Ma, how long is forever and ever?" His mother replied it was a very long time. "Will I live so long before I die and go to heaven?" "I think not," said his mother. Darting up to his

sister, the little fellow exclaimed, "I take it all back; I can't be yours forever and ever; 'cause I'm going to die before that and go to heaven, and then I'll be little Anna's." Anna was his cherished playmate, that some time before had gone to "the better land."

The following touching paragraph is from the letter of a bereaved mother: "His father fondly called him 'our little Sunshine.' Ah! we knew not how appropriate was that name till his sun had gone down. Not only our home—where for two fleeting, happy years this treasure was intrusted to our care—but all earth appears dim and sunset since Freddie died; wherever we turn a gloom is settled on all things, and long, black shadows are stretching forward over the pathway of life; but 'our little Sunshine' is beyond. In that land where he is gone there is no gloom; there are no shadows there; the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. There is now 'no more death' for thee, my dear one—no more pain nor tears; for thou art forever free from sin—sin, the drop that poisons every cup of joy below—the canker-worm that gnaws at the heart of every bud of earthly hope and promise. We will not mourn for thee as those who have no hope. Even while I write a friendly hand seems lifting the veil that hides thee from our view, and points to our precious one, clad in shining garments, folded to the good Shepherd's bosom. To his faithful keeping will we resign thee, and there will we humbly hope again to meet thee."

We would whisper a word of encouragement to the author of the following letter: "I sincerely hope you will pardon a beardless country boy for inflicting his scribbles upon your editorial patience. Doubtless all who pester you in like manner have more excuses than you have leisure to read. Ever since I can remember there has been an insatiable hunger for knowledge, absorbing all other passions, and resistlessly impelling me to read. But my opportunities have been limited; but little school and few books. Such as I have been able to procure have been eagerly read while other people were asleep. I have been wont to write out my ideas—crude indeed, I presume—on such subjects as have occupied my thoughts. But this I can say, that I never coolly and deliberately, 'with malice aforethought,' sat down to perpetrate a rhyme; for though I must plead guilty to having 'committed' poetry—if it is not dishonoring the sacred name—yet it has been to satisfy an undefined *rising-up* in my heart, which *would flow out*, I hardly know how. Some of my 'fugitive pieces' found their way into the papers some time ago; and I started this year with an engagement to write once in two weeks for a paper published in this vicinity, but the editor has absconded, and the paper has turned to 'rumocracy' and 'slaveocracy,' and so I will not write for it. You are at perfect liberty to do as you choose with this scrap; its acceptance would be more of a disappointment than its rejection to me. I have read the Repository, whenever I could borrow a number, for the past three years; and though I should be *very happy* to take it for my mother, I am yet too poor to pay for it in any way but with my pen, and I know that is impossible. Gray said,

'Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.'

I know it. I feel as I conjecture Typhon under Etna felt in the old myth. But, God favoring me, this mountain shall not hold me down." Young man, having a sound mind and a good constitution, work away. Lay your plans wisely; change them seldom; don't be discouraged; trust in God. Send your mother's address; and we will see if some friend will not furnish her with the Repository.

The "pastoral sketch" below has been furnished by the minister who officiated at little Kitty's funeral: "Yesterday, at the call of the carriage, we went to attend the funeral of little 'Kitty' —. Ah, Kitty, gladly would we supply the blank; but over thy little mound and memory rests a silence that time may never break. Brief and mysterious is thy little history. Eight weeks since a lady of respectable appearance, bearing in a basket a bright, blue-eyed, and lily-cheeked baby of fifteen months, hurriedly and somewhat abruptly entered the parlor of Mrs. S., and requested her to keep the child for her awhile, saying, 'You shall be well paid for your trouble;' at once declaring that she was not the mother of the child, and refusing to tell its parentage. Without allowing Mrs. S. time either to accept or refuse her proposal, she vanished from the house, and was soon out of sight. A note in the basket gave its Christian name, 'Ella,' and the date of its birth January, 1858. Two weeks passed, and the little stranger became a family favorite in the house of Mrs. S. Each week added a pound to the physical importance of little Ella. Her lily-white skin, betokening assiduous concealment from the gaze of the sun, began to wear a tint of health, and her almost useless limbs, which seemed never to have known activity, gradually gathered strength under the watchful care of her foster-mother. About this time a nameless and dateless letter was received by Mrs. S., containing a sum of money, with the assurance that if she continued her care for Ella she should be rewarded. A day or two passed, and another basket, with another mysterious little stranger—a *fac-simile* of little Ella, save a more languid eye and a paler cheek—was left by an unseen hand in the house of Mrs. S., accompanied by a note, stating that 'Kitty' was a twin sister to Ella, and, if likewise taken care of, ample remuneration should not be wanting. But disease had marked Kitty for the grave. Too long had this little fragile plant been kept from the fresh air and the bright sun. Soon she withered and died, and yesterday we bore her tiny coffin to the grave. The sexton, the bearers, the minister, the foster-mother, with little Ella, and two others, were all that went with little Kitty to our shady, beautiful cemetery. One other was already there. Who that tall, graceful, neatly attired, and really beautiful woman was, who, as we turned from the grave, was seen gazing with tearful eye into its damp precincts, then casting a hurried glance upon the little group, then bursting into a flood of tears, and, with rapid step, turned away from us, as if to avert our inquiring looks, the reader has as much right to know as the writer."

MISCELLANY.—*Excited Conceptions vs. Ghosts.*—By "excited conceptions" is meant those conceptions, whether purely mental or connected with some object of perception, that become so intense as to give seem-

ing reality to visionary objects. A singular case of the kind occurred to an acquaintance of ours long years ago. A vigorous, daring, and somewhat profane man was Mr. R. He once had occasion to ride through a forest of several miles' extent on horseback, late at night. Near the termination of the woods was a deep ravine, down which flowed quite a stream. Across this ravine a bridge had been thrown. The hour of midnight had nearly arrived when our traveler emerged from the dense forest and approached the bridge. In passing through the woods his horse, as well as himself, had been several times startled by the prowling beasts of night. As his horse approached the bridge, he suddenly snuffed, and came to a dead halt. His rider attempted to force him, but he turned and ran back sideways several rods. He reined him in, and spurred him again to the charge; but reached the bridge only to go through the same evolutions as before. These he repeated a third time; but on coming up to the bridge he discovered a living object in the middle of it; and peering at it through the darkness, at length distinctly descried a *headless man*, standing bolt upright, and apparently determined to dispute the passage with him. There could be no mistake. He was rather short; but then all the outlines were distinct, even to the white bosom revealing itself beautifully from beneath a black vest. Who would dispute with a *headless man*? It was too much for our hero; and dashing down a cow-path that led to the bottom of the ravine, he forded the stream, regained the highway, and pushed toward home at an accelerated speed. "Fool," said he to himself, "to be frightened at a shadow! I'll go back, and, at least, see what it is. A man *without a head* can't do much damage certainly." So saying he faced about, and returned to the bridge. To his surprise and alarm, the headless man turned round, and once more confronted him. But his courage was now fairly up; and dismounting, he fastened his horse, procured a large club, and advanced to the battle. He now discovered a second one in the person of a *headless boy*. There they stood. The very shoulders, bosom, and general form of the man plainly discernible, notwithstanding the darkness. He discovered also that he was holding the boy by the hand, and calmly surveying—if a headless man can survey—the intruder. "In the name of God," said the excited man, "who are you, and what do you want?" No response. Growing still more excited, the hero of the battle cried out again, "In the name of God, who are you, and what do you want?" Still no response. "Answer, or I shall strike;" and the tremendous blow, that might have slain a dozen ghosts, followed the threat. The mystery was solved: a milch cow, with a white stripe—seeming, in the dark, so like a shirt-bosom—down her face, and who, with her calf, had taken up her lodgings for the night on the bridge, now beat a hasty retreat, and left our hero—the ghost vanquisher—master of the field. "Before I struck that blow," said the man, "I could have sworn upon all the holy Evangelists that that cow was a headless man." We leave our readers to draw the moral.

In a small sheet published in Niles, Mich., *somebody* has made a terrible "splurge" at us. A Mr. Bryant, of that place, has "written a book," and this

"somebody" has charged us with "stealing all Mr. Bryant's ideas." Our readers will feel curious to know what has become of the "stolen" property. Well, gentle reader, according to this astute critic, those "ideas" have all been condensed into our two brief articles on the "Intermediate State." We are sorry for the poor man who has *lost* all his ideas. But, at the same time, we feel rather complimented that our powers of condensation are so great; and are really glad we have been able to give "all the ideas" of this renowned author to our readers. We fear, however, that we must rob him of some of the glory of originating our ideas, as they were matured, had been published in part in another form, and the article itself drafted and made to form a link in a series of papers repeatedly used, long before Mr. Bryant's book appeared. To this book we gave a hasty editorial reading—probably with pen or pencil in hand, though we do not now recollect. We no doubt learned something from it, for we should be sorry to read any book without obtaining at least a few ideas. We were not impressed at the time that the book contained any new or strikingly peculiar ideas; nor, indeed, any ideas that have not been floating down to us in the literature of the Church these thousand years. They may, however, have been new in the conception of the author. But it is singular that he should claim an original proprietorship in them. The facts charged against us amount to this, that our articles contain one or two extracts found in Mr. Bryant's book, and also a few sentences somewhat similar in their verbiage. This may be so. We have not taken the pains to compare. All we aimed at in our articles was to give a clearly drawn outline of what we conceived to be the most reasonable and best-sustained views entertained upon the subject. On looking over our articles, we find that some of the topics we discussed Mr. Bryant says nothing about, and on some others we differ *totally*. Our readers will find no such heresy in our article as that the soul in the intermediate state is in a state of *inactivity*, in a merely *passively receptive condition*; nor will they find us doubtful whether it is possible for the souls of the departed to revisit earth. The points upon which we differ are almost as numerous as those upon which we agree. And yet, in the face of these facts, our critic represents us as being indebted to Mr. Bryant "for the whole drift of our argument," and also for "all that is striking or original in his views." Such purblind and perverse—not to say malignant—criticism must probably have its origin in some local cause. An unpretending, transient sketch, whatever might be its literary defects, would hardly of itself excite such bad feeling as our critic exhibits. We, therefore, dismiss him from our notice, and beg pardon of our readers for having already devoted to him so much space.

P. S. Our thanks are due to the editor of the Chicago Courier, who, having been led to reiterate the charges of the Niles paper, not only made the *amende honorable* in his own paper, but also, unsolicited, forwarded a refutation of the charge to the Niles editor. It remains to be seen whether any corresponding magnanimity will be found in that quarter.

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